THE Desert MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1939

25 CENTS

LETTERS

El Centro, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

It was with great interest that I read George E. Perkins' story of that Pahute Indian, Mouse, as I knew him very well. In March of 1896 as I was herding horses in the mountains southeast of Delmar, Nevada, we had a hard snowstorm and blizzard which drove my horses away and we hired Indian Mouse to help hunt them. I was out with him about two weeks. He seemed very industrious, that is, a good worker, and was very pleasant to be out with. As I was only a boy 16 years of age we had no discussions, therefore I would not know anything about his real character.

Here's wishing you more than success with your magazine.

WALTER D. POLLARD.

• • •

Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

I want to congratulate you on your marvelous Desert Magazine. It is beyond compare. If I had to give up every subscription I have the last would be the good old Desert "Mag."

I picked up a sample copy last April from good old Gus Eilers way down there on the Salton Sea and sent you a sample subscription. As you will note I am renewing my subscription. Keep up the good work and don't change your style.

Old he-man Johnnie Hilton whom I've met three times, on my various trips to the desert, writes the most interesting things and both he and the Desert Magazine certainly are a harmonious blend. I'll be in to say hello this coming February.

H. A. WILLIAMS.

• • •

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I am writing you to let you know how much I like your Desert Magazine. As an intepretation and appreciation of the beauty and fascination of the Southwest, it is wonderful. I have enjoyed every issue of the magazine I have read, literally from cover to cover. It makes me long to be back in the country through which I used to camp years ago, for the loveliness of desert dawns and sunsets, and the gaunt grotesqueness of rock masses and Joshua trees.

Your printing of the letters of Everett Ruess is particularly interesting to me because we were schoolmates and friends, and because we shared camping trips together many times before our ways digressed. I still treasure his letters which told of his enjoyment of the desert and mountain country we both loved. He was a rare spirit in this world of dull clods, and his disappearance caused me great sadness, but it can always be said of him that he, of all people, really found the happiness for which he sought, that he really lived during his desert wanderings, drank of the beauty and grandeur of that wild country.

But why don't you print more of his artistic works as well as his letters? He was equally remarkable for the spirit of the desert which he infused in his brush and pencil, and block prints such as you had in your April issue or reproductions of his paintings would supplement his writings.

Wishing every kind of success both for you and for the Desert Magazine, that the loveliness of the southwest be learned and appreciated by more people than ever.

LAURENCE JANSSENS.

Boulder City, Nevada

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on your Anniversary number. It is a peach. I like the illustrations, I like the articles and I like the authors, several of whom I know. More power to you.

C. A. BISBEE.

• • •

Monrovia, California

Dear Sirs:

Herewith please find M. O. for $2.50 to renew subscription for another year.

The cover of the November number interested me greatly as I photographed the side of this rock some years ago as well as many others. They are indeed fascinating. The most wonderful one I ever found was in Apache county, Arizona. It was a large flat-iron shaped rock about eight feet in length, lying flat on the ground in an out-of-the-way place, yet not more than a half mile from the Santa Fe Ry. Space forbids any attempted description, but I will mention just a few features: A crooked line nearly the full length of the rock undoubtedly representing the Rio Puerco winding its way across the desert less than two miles distant. A circular corral beside the river in which were several animals, one a deer having seven-point antlers. Headed toward the opening of the corral on the opposite side of the river, two lines of other animals being driven, one a kid playfully leaping. Almost the entire surface of the rock was covered with other figures cut into the rock with infinite patience by the prehistoric artist.

This rock would be a treasure for any museum if it could be transported. Lying with its surface exposed to the elements for centuries, its mute story will eventually be forever lost.

WALDO H. MARQUIS.

• • •

Hayward, California

Dear Sir:

With the arrival of my second subscription copy of Desert Magazine (birthday present from my wife) I was delighted to see the new section you have started for the mineral collectors. I am positive it will meet with acclaim from hundreds of your readers.

I hope Mr. Eaton will soon devote a part of the page to a general discussion of ores of copper (chiefly malachite, azurite, brochantite, chrysocolla and that particular ore of copper which comes usually in quartz and is encrusted with crystallization.)

The Desert Magazine fills a specific want in the field of publications. I do not see where it can be improved unless the editors adopt a permanent policy of running one article every issue on ores of the desert lands, and include therein a few paragraphs about some famous mine of the southwestern desert lands.

Though I am a native of Needles I especially like the paragraph in your November article by The Staff, which said: "But also the magazine will carry as accurately as possible in word and picture, the spirit of the real desert to those countless men and women who have been intrigued by the charm of the desert, but whose homes are elsewhere." I manage to make three pasears a year through the Mojave and Amargosa deserts.

LELAND S. CHAPMAN.

Still Water, Mass.

My dear Mr. Henderson:

Please pardon me. I just cannot help writing you this letter—for the desert always appealed to me, even if I am a son of old New England, for a large part of my life was spent in the desert Southwest. Out of several magazines which enter my home none are as welcome—and every word read from cover to cover in the magazine telling all about the desert.

F. S. SAVAGE, Jr.

• • •

San Diego, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Some months back some one sent me some advertising material on your magazine, I was interested but thought probably the advertisement is better than the material, and so it went where the Editor puts most letters and manuscripts.

Later another sample cover came and I was again interested and intrigued. We are such lovers of the desert we felt the urge to subscribe but mentally told Satan to get behind us. But we did not place it in the waste basket this time—rather we placed it where it would tempt us at intervals, that is among the current magazines, and each time we picked a magazine there it was with no reading matter behind it—SO—we wrote a check and sent it along—and are we glad! How did we ever live without it?

The first issue brought us photographs of friends, a dear one, "Borax" Smith whom we had known well. The second brought many familiar scenes and places back to memory but most important of all was the first letter in the "Letters" column from Estelle Thomson, a former dear neighbor of mine whom I had lost contact with, and now a letter is in her hands renewing old acquaintances. You should know the Miss Thomsons. They are God's own gentlewomen. They used to live in San Diego, in a delightful little house called rightly enough (because of color) the "Pumpkin Shell."

And now this issue with the story of Adrian Egbert, let me tell you it does not do him justice. We first met him—he will not remember us for we were just some more travelers—in 1928, when my two sons and I made a trip to Death Valley. The San Diego Union had written, "Death Valley is truly one of God's wonders but no place for a woman." That week this woman and her two young sons went to Death Valley. On our way out we stopped at Cave Springs and enjoyed the company of this fine man who is a student of philosophy.

We have many friends among the Hopi Indians and I have reveled in the Indian pictures you have shown. I too know the glory of the "apricot" pottery because I possess some. You are doing a fine thing to portray them as you are. They are a fine race of people and I am glad to have the instructive articles about them in a magazine. Many are Christians, one, Mrs. Starlie (Elsie) Polacca, of Polacca, which is at the foot of Walpai mesa in Arizona did me the honor to name her baby for me. It is truly an honor for Mrs. Polacca is a woman of outstanding character.

This letter is far too long to ask any Editor to read and I know better than to have written at such length. But how else could I tell you of the joy the magazine has brought us and how much we treasure each copy?

And remember it comes from one who knows almost every other trail in the mountains of California and many of them in the desert. You have brought the outdoors, the desert, the people and the places we love to us.

The entire family is indebted to you. We extend our thanks.

MRS. SYDNEY SCOTT.

DESERT *Calendar*

DECEMBER, 1939

NOV. 30 - DEC. 3 Chandler rodeo, Chandler, Arizona. Non-association.

DEC. 1-25 Unique Joshua tree hobby display of Mrs. Ida Bowers of Upland, Antelope Valley Indian museum, 21 miles east of Lancaster, California.

1-31 Exhibit of 100 Southwest photographs by Mrs. Dorothy P. Luckie, Pasadena, at Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

2 "Indians of the Southwest," color motion picture of the Gallup Intertribal Indian ceremonial (photographed by Mr. and Mrs. Burton Frazer) shown at children's program. Royce Hall, U.C.L.A., Los Angeles.

2-3 Papago fiesta honoring St. Francis Xavier, direction of Franciscan Fathers at Mission San Xavier del Bac, Tucson, Arizona. Fr. Felix Pudlowski, chairman.

3 Wildlife of Mojave desert, subject of Arthur C. Barr at Southwest Museum, Los Angeles. Illustrated with motion pictures.

5 Riverside county chamber of commerce meets at Palm Springs.

6 Approximate date for Shalako ceremonies to begin in Zuni, New Mexico, followed by the Zuni Lent, or Teshque, which officially ends the year.

6 Charles J. Smith, superintendent of the Petrified Forest national monument, Arizona, will give an illustrated talk on the famous stone forest, Arizona museum, Phoenix.

10 Palm Springs annual dog show at Desert Inn Mashie course. Jack Bradshaw, director.

10 Dr. Byron Cummings will lecture on ancient ruins of Kinishba, Arizona at Southwest museum, Los Angeles; colored slides and motion pictures.

12 Feast Day of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe,* Santa Fe and other Spanish-American villages.

14-JAN. 5 Holiday ceremonies and unique illumination of mining village of Madrid, New Mexico.

24 Christmas Eve, "Little Fires" of piñon boughs lighted for *El Santo Niño* before doors of Santa Fe homes.

24-25 Ceremonial dances in Santa Clara, Santo Domingo, San Felipe, San Juan, Tesuque and Taos pueblos, New Mexico.

Fortnight before and after Christmas - *Los Pastores,* traditional Shepherd play given in many Spanish-American villages of New Mexico.

28 Opening of winter sports season at Flagstaff, Arizona.

28-JAN. 1 Southwestern Sun Carnival at El Paso, Texas, culminating on New Year's Day with parade of floats and Sun Bowl game.

30-31-JAN. 1 Desert trip of Southern California chapter of Sierra club to Parker dam area, including Lake Havasu, Bill Williams canyon, and petroglyph field in Spirit mountains near Needles, Calif. Peggy and Russell Hubbard, Los Angeles, leaders.

Volume 3 **DECEMBER, 1939** **Number 2**

COVER	THE TEMPLE, Lake Mead. Photograph courtesy Grand Canyon-Boulder Dam Tours, Inc.	
LETTERS	Comment from our readers	Inside cover
CAMERA ART	'Feel' of the Desert Photograph by WM. M. PENNINGTON	2
PERSONALITY	She Writes of the Old West By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD	3
YULETIDE	Christmas Lights on the Desert By MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH	6
PHOTOGRAPHY	Prize winning picture in October	8
MYSTERY	What Became of Everett Ruess? By HUGH LACY	9
RECIPE	Mescal Roast, by MARSHAL SOUTH	12
BOTANY	Food and Fishlines for the Tribesmen By MARY BEAL	13
GEMS	Hunting Gem Stones in Menagerie Canyon By JOHN HILTON	15
RECREATION	New Gateway to Grand Canyon By RANDALL HENDERSON	18
PIONEERS	Campbells of Vallecitos Valley By MARSHAL SOUTH	25
PUZZLE	True or False, a test of your desert knowledge	28
CONTRIBUTORS	Writers of the Desert	29
LEGEND	Story of the Great Water Serpent As told to HARRY C. JAMES	30
PLACE NAMES	Origin of names in the Southwest	32
MINING	Briefs from the desert region	33
LANDMARK	Harrisburg—by FRANCIS V. MOYNAHAN	34
CONTEST	Announcement of December landmark contest	35
PRIZES	Contest for amateur photographers	36
BOOKS	Reviews of current desert literature	38
WEATHER	October temperatures on the desert	39
HOBBY	For gem and mineral collectors	40
NEWS	Here and There on the Desert	42
COMMENT	Just Between You and Me—by the Editor	44
POETRY	Master Artist, and other poems	45

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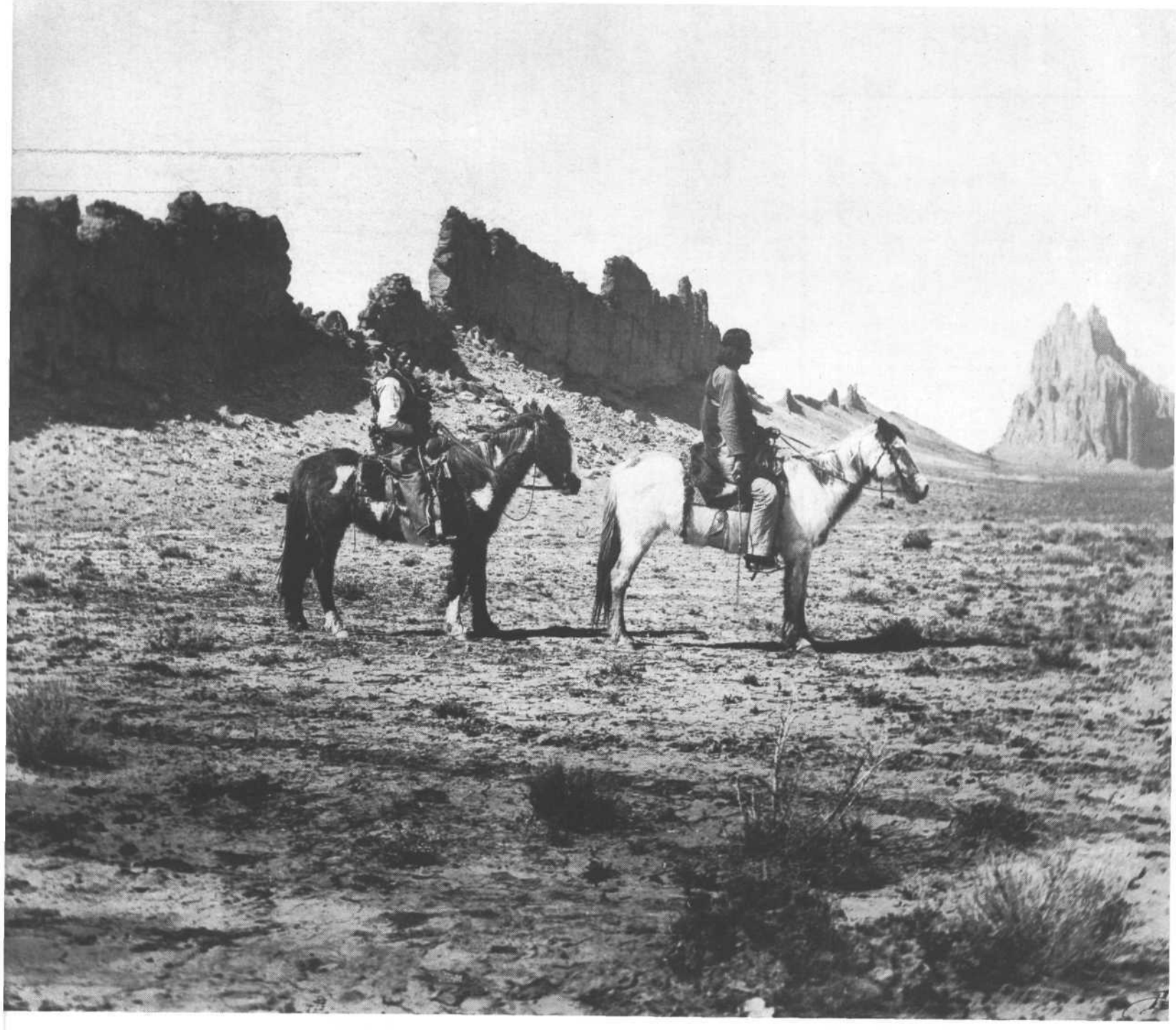


'Feel' of the Desert

By JOHN STEWART MacCLARY

Photograph by WM. M. PENNINGTON

In the background of the picture, on the right, is New Mexico's famous Shiprock. Navajo Indian legend tells of the time when Shiprock "flew through the air." So convincing are some of the Indian tales that persons unfamiliar with the geology of this area may conclude that the Navajo "Rock with Wings" was of meteoric origin.

That is not the case, however. Shiprock was squeezed up from beneath the crust of the earth in the form of plastic lava. Scientifically this mighty natural monument is known as a volcanic plug.

Behind the two horsemen in this picture rises a broken dike of basaltic lava, the same stone which forms distant Shiprock. In two other directions similar dikes radiate from the central bulk. Foresters might compare them with brace roots of a tree; Navajo legend considers them the wings and tail of Rock with Wings.

As a girl of 11, Sharlot M. Hall rode from Kansas to Arizona astride a cow pony, accompanying the covered wagons in which her parents were emigrating to the West. That was in 1881. In the years that followed, Miss Hall rode range on her father's ranch—and wrote poetry and prose that brought her increasing fame until today she is recognized as Arizona's most celebrated poet. Here is a story about this unusual woman, written by the dean of Arizona historians.

She Writes of the Old West

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

COOL, clean, mile-high Prescott was Arizona's first capital. In Prescott stands as a cherished landmark the grey, picturesque old log mansion erected by Arizona's first governor. Today it is a museum. In this ancient building dwells as curator and interpreter of the relics and memories of the heroic past Arizona's venerated pioneer, Sharlot M. Hall, ranchwoman for more than 50 years, state historian for a considerable time, and Arizona's most famous poet.

Until recently Miss Hall lived on the little ranch east of Prescott, where she cared for her aged and ailing parents. Her mother died in 1912 and her father in 1925. Then the old home became too lonely for her and in late years she has given herself heart and soul to the task of preserving the governor's mansion and restoring as far as possible its original aspect and environment.

For the remainder of her life she is to be curator of the museum, and to have her abode in the adjoining stone house, erected as a federal project. This building is separated from the mansion by an open court. She calls it the "house of service." Here she has her own library, including a rich store of original documents collected and preserved by her through a period of more than half a century.

In Prescott Miss Hall is happy. To her, in the autumn of her life, the governor's mansion is both a symbol and a constant reminder of "the days of gold." On Prescott she has concentrated her affections. It was the home of her girlhood. Here lived and here died her heroes and her most intimate friends. Here she is loved and honored by her fellow citizens —indeed, almost as their patron saint; and this local devotion she fully reciprocates as their scribe, oracle, and poet-laureate.

As I had long desired to draw a full-length portrait of Miss Hall to include in a gallery of Arizona pioneer notables, last fall I made a pilgrimage to the old mansion to interview her in leisurely fashion. She received me with gracious hospitality. But how to get through the barrier of her reticence—her modesty concerning her own ways and deeds—was my problem.

However, I did get her to tell me, after a time, what I wanted to know. I returned again and again for familiar chats about the Arizona of her childhood, her first experiences as a writer, her friends of other days—the real pioneer heroes; her plans with respect to the museum and her own private store of literary material.

"What are you going to write in future?" I asked.

She replied: "The old west into which I was born is fading so rapidly into the west of the movies where a lace bridal veil and orange blossoms can be found in any mover's wagon for a roadside wedding, I would like to record the days of slat sun-bonnets and gingham dresses, and great hopes for homes to be found in the unexplored lands where roads fade away."

Nothing delighted me more than her account of her own trek westward from Kansas to Arizona when she was a girl.

"On November 3, 1881, when I was a girl of 11, we started from Barbour county, Kansas, for Yavapai county, Arizona, with two covered wagons drawn by four horses each. All that winter we traveled through snow and storm — for the men of the family considered neither seasons nor weather if they

The Desert

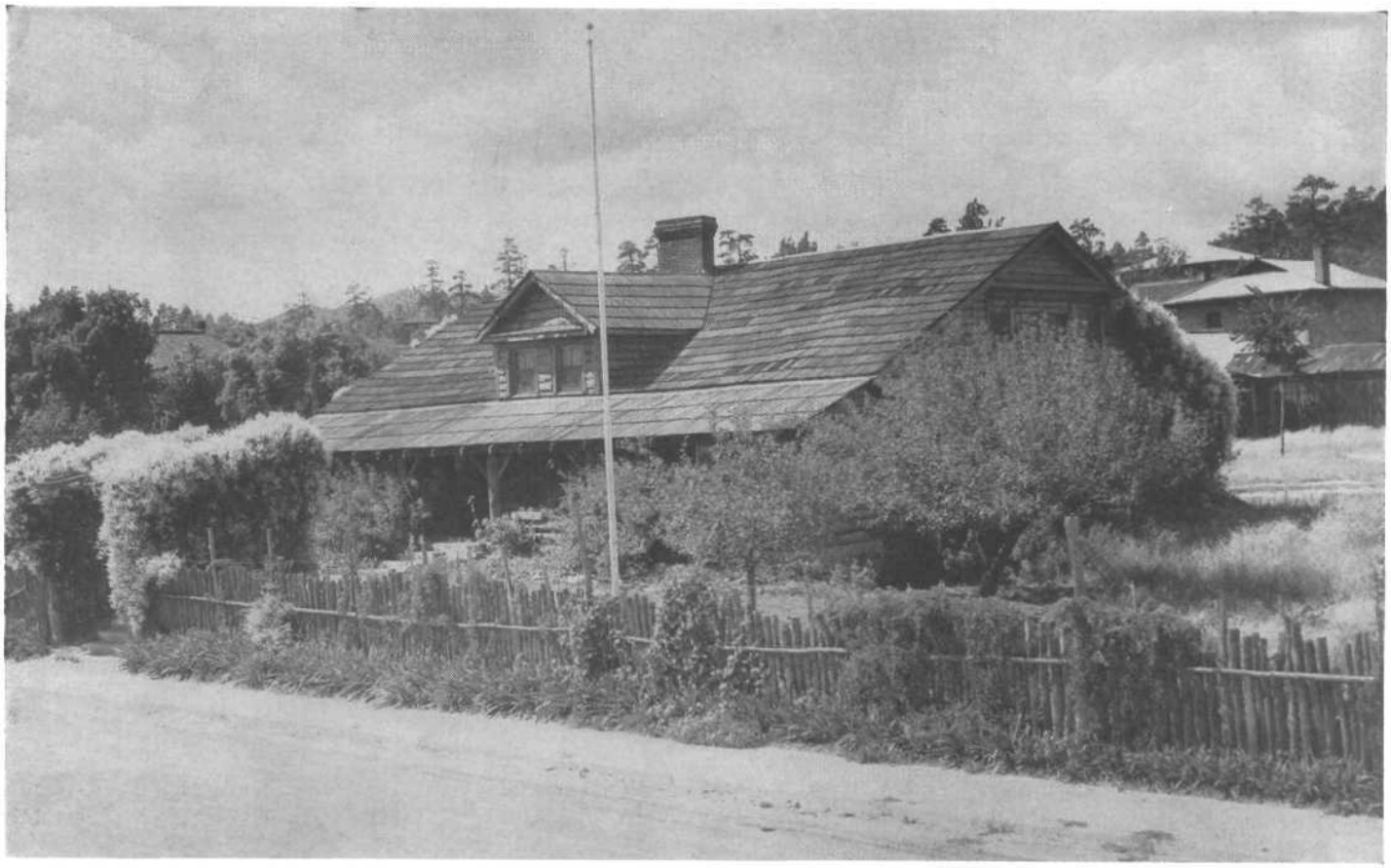
By SHARLOT M. HALL

That silence which enfolds the Great Beyond
Broods in these spaces where the yucca palms
Like grey old votaries chant unworded psalms,
Grand, voiceless harmonies to which the Heavens respond.

Lone, vast, eternal as Eternity,
The brown wastes crawl to clutch the wrinkled hills—
Till night lets down her solemn dusk and fills
The waiting void with haunting mystery.

Here Solitude hath made her dwelling place,
As when of old amid untrodden sands,
Slow-journeying, wise men of alien lands
Sought at her feet Life's hidden roads to trace.

All ways of earth, still glad or sad they go—
The roads of Life—till breath of man shall cease—
Silent, the desert keeps her ancient peace,
And that last secret which the dead may know.



Old governor's mansion in Prescott where Sharlot Hall presides today as curator of a historical museum.

wanted to go somewhere. I rode a little Texas pony and drove a band of horses. We followed the Santa Fe trail nearly all the way. In many places the deep ruts worn by the old caravans could still be seen. Rocks and cliffs were marked by names painted or cut into the stone. All along the roadside were sunken graves, mostly unmarked and nearly obliterated. Often I would slide out of my saddle, as I drove the band of young horses behind the wagons, and try to read and brace up with rocks some rotting bit of board that had once told who rested there."

The Hall family settled on Lynx creek about 25 miles east of Prescott. Their ranch was a typical pioneer home, and here for many years they experienced the ordinary frontier activities and hardships. It soon became a center of hospitality visited by many of the prominent men and women of the Southwest—writers and artists, soldiers, stockmen, mining men, and leaders in state affairs.

Hall ran only a few cattle, as there was no nearby shipping point and little demand for Arizona beef. The cattle were not of good grade. The seasons were severe, periods of drought being followed by bad winters. Crops were scant, too, and the acreage small. They did produce some fine pears, apples, and peaches. They had a few chickens, and were able to sell their excellent butter in Prescott, when Mrs. Hall and Sharlot in their light spring wagon drove over the rough mountain roads. At best, it was hard to make a living, much of the outdoor work of the ranch fell to the young girl. In addition to helping her mother with the house work and the milking, churning, and other small chores, she plowed in the field and rode the range.

Sharlot found joy in the saddle on her chestnut Crowder, who had supplanted little Texas prairie Fanny. Her dog Watch was a constant companion and guardian. "He was a huge fellow," she writes, "with dark, tawny yellow skin: a cross between a Cuban bloodhound and the great southern stag-hound. He had the unfailing nose of his Cuban mother on a trail and the long legs, big body and racing speed of a stag-hound. With him we used to run down antelope and coyotes in Lonesome valley. He would run ahead of a coyote, wheel, leap for its throat, and with one swing of his great body lift it high and break its back with a twist as it came down. Once in the breaks of Hell's canyon he got two mountain lions in a morning."

Even in her early teens Sharlot Hall began publishing what she wrote, and from the first she received pay for it. There was at that time a growing demand for literary material on the Southwest, and there were few capable writers to supply it. Prose was more profitable than poetry, so Miss Hall wrote more prose than poetry.

She chose to depict conditions as she found them. She indulged in no illusions; she scorned any rosy approach to the experiences of life. Her philosophy and her art were strictly realistic; and it seems to this writer that she clung to the darker rather than the sunnier side of realism.

The young girl set diligently about collecting local material of literary interest. She found it right at hand. Her own experiences on the ranch, and the doings of her fellow Arizonans on the range, in camp and forest, was the very stuff for story and song. Nature and antiquity freely supplied their part, and savage man and wild beast were not far to seek. Then too she knew personally such colorful pathfinders as A. F. Banta, Samuel C. Miller, Edward C. Peck, Al Sieber, and Lorenzo Hubbell.

In 1894, Charles F. Lummis founded The Land of Sunshine, a magazine "devoted to the life and history of the Far West." Five years later the name of the publication was changed to Out West. From the first, for a decade or more, Miss Hall's fortune was bound up with this magazine. One of her poems was printed in it in 1896, and from that time contributions from her pen appeared frequently. Her material, both prose and verse, was exactly adapted to the aims of the magazine, and was of high order. At Mr. Lummis' invitation she moved to Los Angeles part of each year. She wrote

much original material for the magazine and also assisted in editing it.

Lummis was a brilliant and versatile man. Faulty as was his personality, his genius reached out to touch many realms of knowledge and beauty. He was not a profound scholar, nor a supremely great writer, nor a masterful man of affairs. But he was gifted with vision and imagination. He had originative power, and exercised a magnetic influence over others. As a result he has left his permanent stamp upon the history and institutions of the Southwest. At the time Miss Hall joined the Lummis circle he was engaged in creating a home that should stand as a sort of realization and interpretation of himself—a fitting depository for his books, art, and historic objects.

The building was located in Arroyo Seco canyon among the hills east of Los Angeles, "under a noble, many-branched sycamore tree, of water-smoothed boulders, with great beams of his own hewing." The living-room was hung with sketches and paintings presented to him by his friends, foremost artists of the southwest. The walls and shelves were adorned with all manner of relics, collected by himself from desert ruins and buried cities in the course of his wide wanderings among southwestern Indian tribes and during long residences in ancient Indian pueblos.

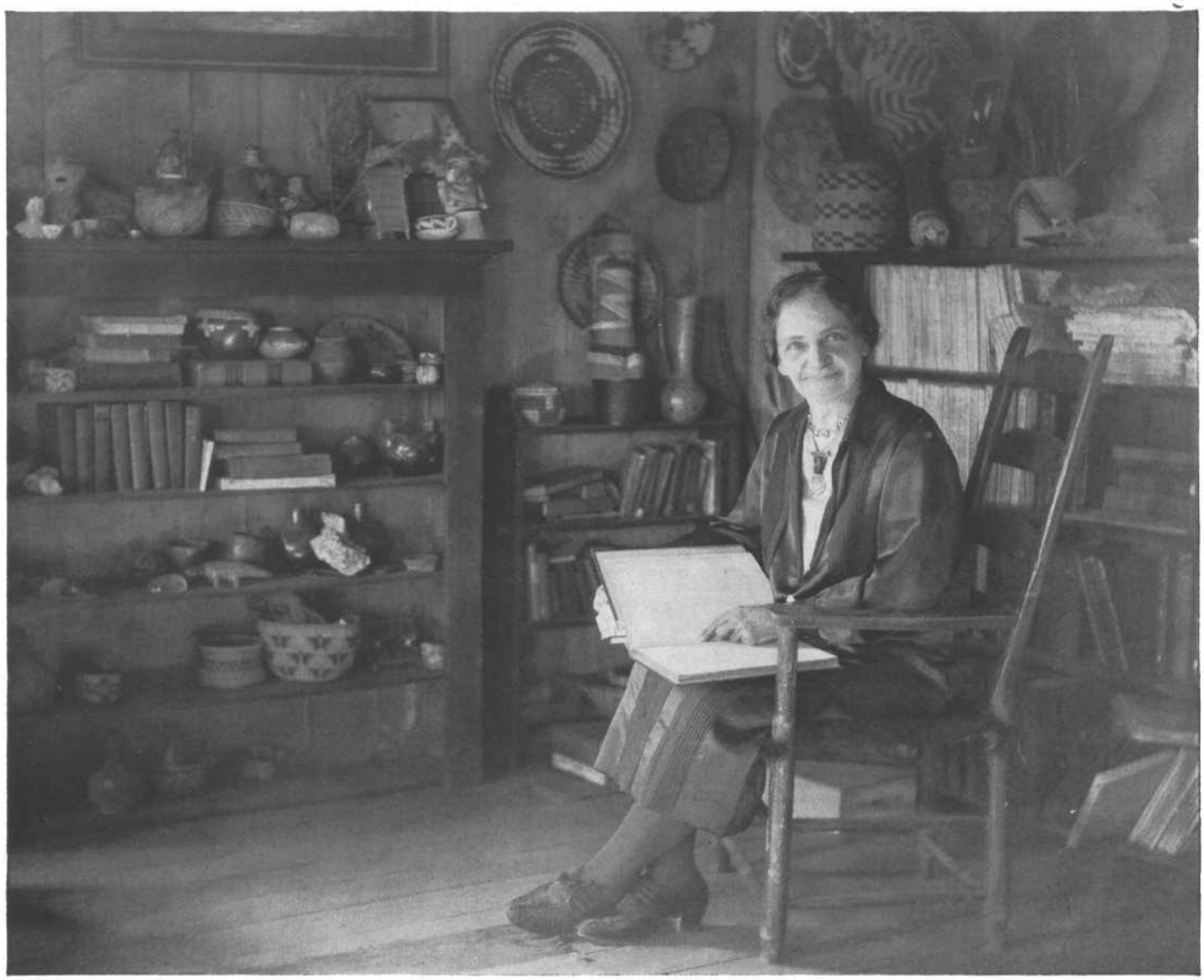
On the floor of this reception hall, and in the hospitable dining-room where he entertained troops of friends and admirers—artists, writers, scholars, travelers, civic leaders, and men of affairs—were numerous rugs of ancient weave and rare design and other choice and costly gifts from the chiefs and wise men and artificers of Acoma, Isleta, and other ancient desert cities.

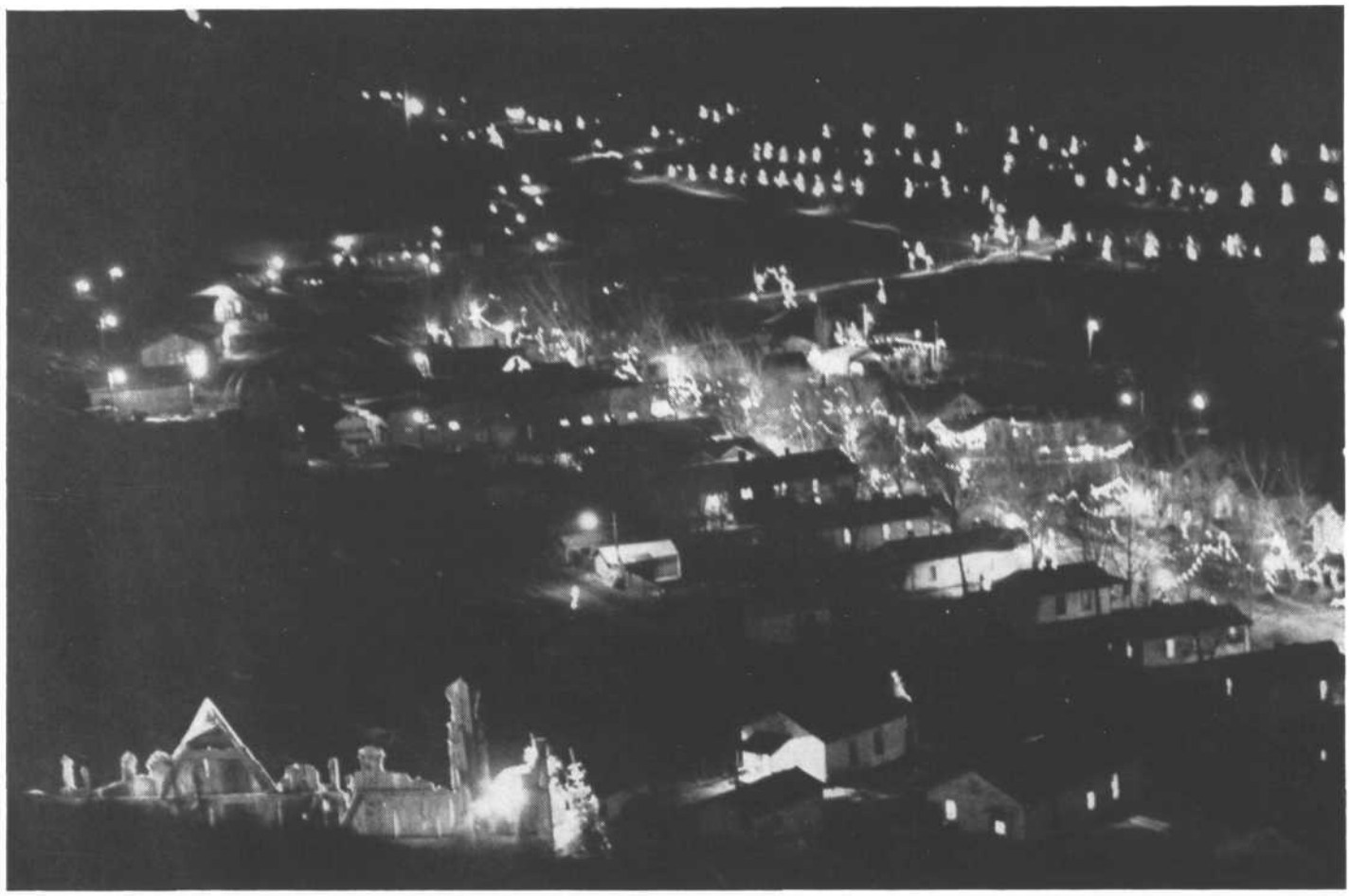
A number of aspiring but impecunious writers and artists, claiming Lummis as their sheik, pitched their tattered tents in his court and frequently regaled themselves at his board. But not alone obscure young authors and painters on the make came to hold high discourse with him, and pass convivial hours as his guests. Many mighty ones came also, poets, painters, and romancers, scientists, collectors, and men mature in their fame: Edwin Markham, Joaquin Miller, George Sterling, Seton-Thompson, William Keith, L. Maynard Dixon, Mary Hallock Foote, Grace Ellery Channing, Charles W. Stoddard, John Vance Cheney, Mary Austin, John Muir, Theodore H. Hittell, Frederick W. Hodge, Edgar L. Hewett, Dr. Joseph A. Munk, Joseph Scott, Henry Huntington.

The young Arizona ranchwoman and writer shared the stimulating life of this group as a member of the family. In this distinguished company she moved with a quiet, perhaps somewhat proud knowledge that she had achieved her high position by independent effort; with the satisfying assurance that her art was individual and original, learned in the humble round of daily experience and

Continued on page 36

This picture of Miss Hall was taken in a corner of the museum where visitors find many interesting relics of early Arizona.





Lights of Madrid, New Mexico, on Christmas Eve.

Christmas Lights on the Desert

Coal mining towns are notoriously drab and dirty—and Madrid, New Mexico, was no exception until 11 years ago when a little group of workers decided to do something to brighten their community. This Christmas season visitors will come from many states to witness the Yuletide festivities in this remote corner of the desert—and will marvel at the miracle wrought by these humble villagers.

By MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH

SNUGGLED against the Glorieta mountains, 20-odd miles from the ancient city of Santa Fe, is a drab little mining town called Madrid. That is, for 49 weeks of the year it's called Madrid, the other three weeks it is Bethlehem!

Like the Three Wise Men who journeyed far to find the Christ Child in His manger, so did my two Santo Domingo Indian friends and I follow a winding road until it led us to this re-creation of the Nativity.

It seemed unreal to be driving over the southwestern desert in search of Christmas. There should have been snow and sleighbells and spruce and holly. Instead, we saw cactus and sage, sand dunes and two patient burros overloaded with lengths of fragrant piñon wood for Santa Fe fireplaces!

I knew the story of this famous little town and its Christmas lights. Eleven years ago, looking around their dingy community, barren and uninviting, the people living there and digging their livelihood from the coal mines in the surrounding mountains, felt that they must do something to make the place more attractive.

An employes' club was formed. It seems too bad that none can remember who started this movement, but once launched it grew spontaneously. It was the holiday season and naturally the first thing to do was decorate for Christmas. A huge tree was brought from the mountain and set in the plaza and decorated with tinsel and colored balls. That suggested decorations for the homes and windows glowed with tiny trees, some of them proudly displaying wax angels and silver stars, others modest in their strings of popcorn and scarlet berries. Now, at Christmas there are 300 outside trees growing along the streets and each one is completely decorated with tinsel and colored lights.

The Madrid coal company is generous in its assistance. If the power used each year by the electrical display were paid for on a commercial basis it would cost a huge sum for the half-million kilowatt hours consumed. This electricity is donated by the company. In the club are 400 employes, and each pays $1.25 to be used in purchasing new colored bulbs, trimmings and stockings filled with Christmas goodies to be given the children in the community. In addition to the stocking each child receives a toy.

At first, the Madrid Christmas festivities were planned only

for the entertainment of the homefolks in the little mining town. But such a miracle as was wrought by these humble workers could not pass unnoticed by the outside world.

Tourists now time their arrival in Santa Fe so that they may drive to Madrid during the three weeks the lights burn and see for themselves what has been done in this little Bethlehem.

The last gleam of dying day faded as we neared the town. Then suddenly the velvety blackness of night was gone and we looked directly into the heart of Christmas. Where had been only a few scattered lights from uncurtained windows, the whole town instantly was outlined with strings of gayly colored bulbs and like a watchful shepherd, the Church became a living thing of light, with its uplifted cross one great gleaming beacon.

From some hidden place poured forth the grand old song, "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing," and on a far hillside appeared a cluster of angels, their wings gently moving as lights cleverly flickered on and off. Every softly outlined hill was crowned with an electric story from the pages of St. Luke.

Overhead a luminous star blazoned into being. Its beams shone directly down upon the center of the town and I let our car drift noiselessly into the parking place provided for visitors. We were the first comers but back along the way we had come many cars were sending their lights across the desert in an endless string.

As we left the car a dark-skinned lad handed us a program telling about the origin of this Christmas festival, and of the things we should see. He politely declined to accept pay for the leaflet.

We walked along the lighted street to the center of the plaza where lay the Christ Child in a crude manger of sticks and straw. The Three Wise men were kneeling, with gifts from the far-off desert. It was a perfect replica of the picture I had envisioned when as a child I had stood before a blazing fire on Christmas Eve and recited the story, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem . . . behold there came Wise Men from the east . . . " Such memories and such moments are precious indeed.

There are, perhaps, a thousand people living in the little town of Madrid. Each one does his or her part to beautify the place. The children make strings of popcorn and cranberries and colored paper chains as their part of the preparation. On the Sunday before December 15, all the men start working to get the 40,000 lights in place. The United States forest service donates a huge tree from Santa Fe national forest and several men are needed to fell and transport that tree. The younger folks decorate their big recreation hall where a dance will take place on Christmas Eve. There are many frames to be built to support the figures appearing on the hilltops. To the women falls the task of painting scenery and dressing the figures appearing in the tableaux, while in the school rooms the children fill hundreds of stockings with candy and nuts and oranges. This is a tremendous undertaking, and too much credit cannot be given to these hardworking people, some of them almost poverty stricken, who have conceived and carried out the program for 11 years.

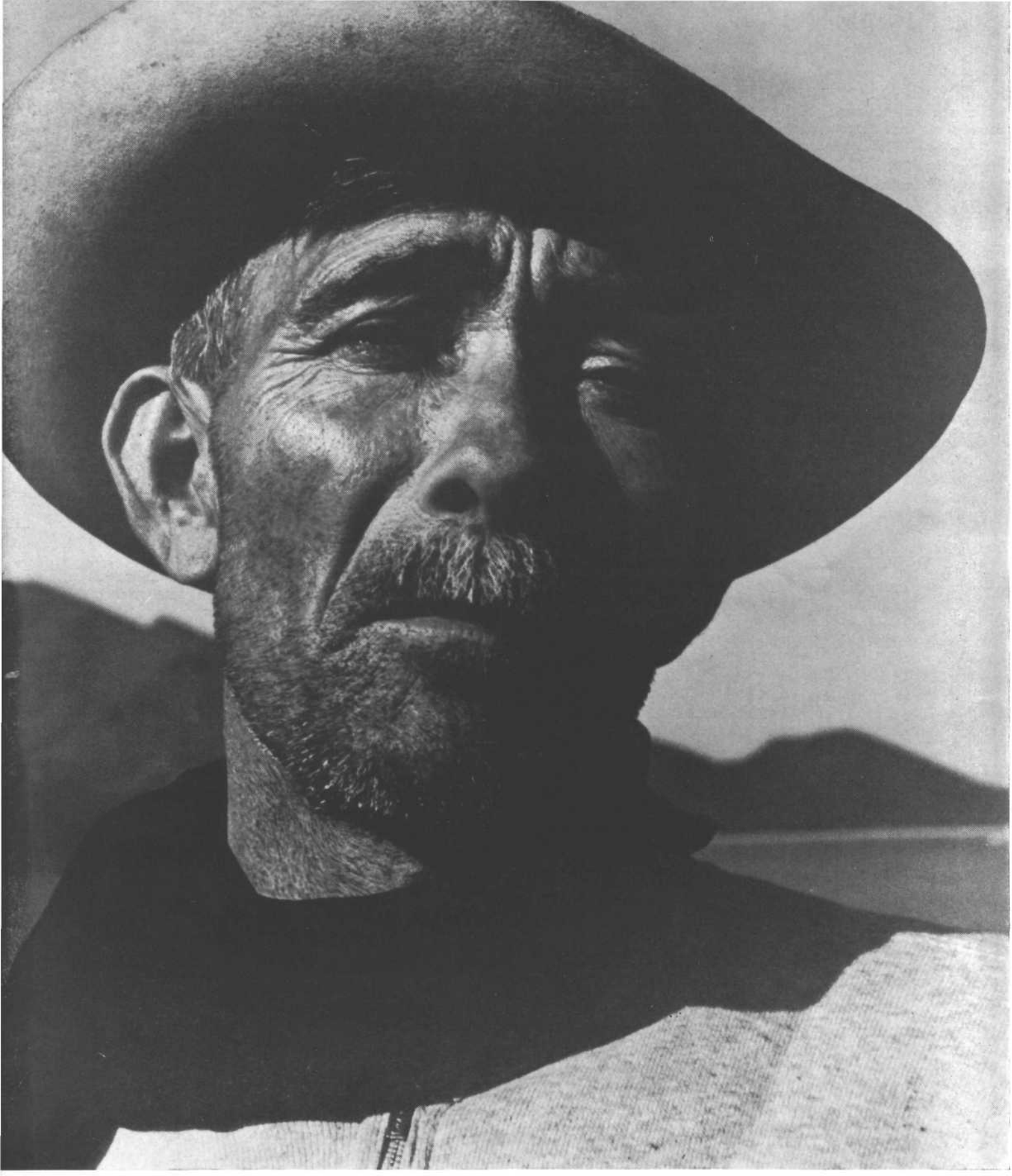
There is no charge of any kind to the public. Hundreds of visitors nightly tramp the streets and enjoy the sight of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, The Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe, Red Riding Hood and all the favorites of childhood come to life there in Madrid. A tiny electric railroad runs around the town and children ride behind the puffing engine which throws out real sparks and shrill warnings. On one rooftop old Santa himself urges his reindeer to greater efforts, and they dash madly up and down in the same spot. There are big clusters of colored lights that form a flower garden, and nursery rhymes and Bible scenes and everywhere one goes are heard the Christmas carols and songs of Yuletide.

Summoning my Indian guests who stood entranced before the manger, I drove slowly out of the town, pausing on the crest of the hill to look once more at the fairylike scene.

"O, Little Town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie,—"

How still! And yet what a distance is covered by these Christmas lights shining forth from a small desert town in New Mexico.

The visit of the Three Wise Men to the Christ Child's manger is faithfully depicted in tableau—at Madrid.



Santiago

By BARRY M. GOLDWATER
Phoenix, Arizona

First prize winning picture in the October photographic contest of the Desert Magazine. Taken with a National Graflex Series No. 1, with Panatomic film with X-1 filter. Time 1/30 second at f8.

While Everett Ruess was known personally to but few of the Desert Magazine readers, his letters which have appeared in these pages each month during the past year have created a widespread interest in the life and fate of this young man. This month, the concluding installment in the Ruess series tells of the search conducted for the young artist-adventurer following his disappearance, and suggests several possible answers to the mystery of his fate.

What Became of Everett Ruess?

By HUGH LACY

"NEMO." After five years that cryptic clue seems to summarize the desert mystery of Everett Ruess, young Los Angeles artist-adventurer who disappeared at 20 in the wasteland of Southeastern Utah, last seen in November 1934.

"Nemo" is Latin for no one.

That word, inscribed on the walls of a cave and again a mile away on the doorstep of an old Moqui Indian house, was found in June 1935, during the second search for Everett, conducted by the Associated civic clubs of southern Utah. Captain P. M. Shurtz of Escalante, Utah, led a dozen men in a 10-day quest, locating what may have been Everett's last camp near Davis canyon. There with the remains of a fire, the date of "1934" and the enigmatic "Nemo" carved with a knife, the trail ended.

Everett left Escalante to write and paint among the cliff dwellings. A sheep man, Clayton Porter, on November 19, saw him last near where Escalante creek enters the Colorado.

Everett deplored the defacing of natural scenery, yet all evidence indicates that the young artist carved the words and date. And if he did mark "Nemo" on the walls, it was probably an unconscious act—and may be a key to his thoughts and to the riddle of his vanishing.

It was not unusual for Everett Ruess to leave home. Since his first scout camping trip at 13 Everett's sojourns in the wild were periodic. The summers of 1930 and '33 he spent in Sequoia and Yosemite parks, and in the High Sierra, the summers of '31 and '32 in the Southwest. It was just another summer's outing when he left for the Southwest desert for the third time, April 12, 1934. His brother Waldo drove him in Waldo's Ford from Los Angeles to Kayenta, Arizona. Such was the outset of Everett's fifth—and last—major trip from home.

From Kayenta through Gallup, New Mexico, to Grand Canyon, Zion park and Bryce park he traveled in the fall of 1934, to Escalante, Utah. From there he set out November 11, 1934. His letters said he would be out of touch with parents and friends for "about two months," but did not definitely indicate his plans. He "might" live awhile among the Indians near Navajo mountain. He had met Navajo along the way—wandering sheep men—in Tropic and Escalante. He spoke their tongue. He "might" go down along the river to Marble canyon, or else "come back by way of Boulder." It was later learned from John Wetherill of Kayenta, who with a map helped Everett chart his journey, that his trip was to have ended at Wilson's mesa not far from Navajo mountain where he might find interesting cliff dwellings to paint.

Everett Ruess and Curly, who was his companion on many trips into the desert wilderness. This picture was taken a few months before Everett's last trek.

On other trips to the desert Everett had often written that he would be out of communication for three or four weeks. Other than these intervals his carefully-phrased letters were faithfully written. Everett's parents waited two months as Everett had directed. They hesitated to begin inquiries—Everett was sensitive of concern about him. Then, February 7, 1935, they wrote to the postmistress at Escalante, Mrs. H. J. Allen.

Letters followed to the postmasters at all the towns and cities of the Southwest which Everett had visited. They wrote to the sheriffs in all the counties he had passed through, to the Indian agents, forestry and conservation officials, newspapers, radio stations, and to all individuals he had mentioned in his letters.

The first news story of his disappearance appeared in the Los Angeles Evening Herald February 14. A reporter in Arizona picked up the story when a forestry man showed him a letter from the parents. Many news stories followed in Los Angeles and later in Associated and United Press dispatches over the country as the searches proceeded.

The parents, by February 26, felt from the many replies to their letters that Everett must be secure. All correspondents said that he was trail-wise, experienced, capable of looking out for himself, probably entirely safe.

Indian Trackers on Trail

On February 28 Captain Neal Johnson, placer miner of Hanksville, Utah, having learned from Mrs. Florence Lowery of Marble Canyon, Utah of Everett's disappearance called at the Ruess home in Los Angeles. He proposed hiring three Navajo to search the Navajo mountain country. The Ruesses subsidized this expedition. They heard vague reports from Indians through Captain Johnson over a period of many weeks. Nothing came of the search.

On March 3, H. J. Allen of Escalante communicated with the Ruesses and offered to conduct a search with the aid of Escalante men, saying, "We will search for him as though he were our own son." Ten or a dozen men covered 70 or 80 square miles in the neighborhood of Davis canyon near where Escalante creek enters the Colorado in southeastern Utah. On March 7 Everett's two burros were found in Davis canyon. In a cave in the same area the prints of his number nine boots were found, and a heap of choice shards he had gathered. Nothing else was found.

The burros were in a natural corral large enough in good season for several months' grazing, but the weather was backward and they were thin and starved. Their halters had been found weeks before, it later appeared, by an Escalantan who thought nothing of their significance.

The March 9 entry in Mr. Ruess' diary gives the opinion that Everett was probably snowed in for the winter. Everett had prepared himself with $30 worth of provisions from two general stores in Escalante before starting.

On March 12 Bill Jacobs of Hollywood turned over to the parents 30 letters he had received from Everett revealing much of the lad's innermost thoughts and nature. As time went on other friends over the country sent the parents letters received from their son.

March 28 was Everett's 21st birthday.

By April 8 the parents were led to believe by communications from Captain Johnson and others that Everett had crossed the Colorado river and was safe with the Indians, perhaps retreating from the lands and life of the pale-face.

April 28, following a communication from their friend Judge Ben Lindsey to Secretary of War Dern in Washington, D. C., the parents went to March Field and conferred with General Arnold who, however, scouted the idea that government or other airplanes would be able to locate such a small object as Everett's camp in the cliff and canyon-broken country where low flying was impracticable.

Last Camp is Found

The people of southern Utah did not wish to believe that in their part of the world anybody could vanish into thin air. The Associated civic clubs of southern Utah representing 15 counties equipped another expedition of a dozen men who spent about 10 days following June 1 in a search. They covered much the same country under the leadership of Captain P. M. Shurtz as did the party under H. J. Allen. This expedition revealed what is believed to be Everett's last camp in a cave near Davis canyon, and the carved "Nemo, 1934," marked on the cave walls and again a mile away on the doorstep of a Moqui Indian house. A long-distance telephone call was made to the Ruesses in Los Angeles to learn the meaning and possible significance of "Nemo." This expedition was given daily coverage by the Salt Lake Tribune. Joe Larson, a member of the party, each day took a report of the progress made to a point from which he could communicate with Ray Carter, secretary of the Associated civic clubs, and correspondent of the Tribune.

In the hope of producing some new clue Mr. and Mrs. Ruess decided June 22 on a trip through the country Everett traversed to meet personally the people he had known and with whom he corresponded. On their 2400-mile trip they visited friends of his at Grand Canyon; Kayenta, where they met Mr. and Mrs. John Wetherill; Cameron and Tuba City; Marble Canyon, where they met Mr. and Mrs. Buck Lowery; Zion park, where they met Chief Ranger and Mrs. Donal J. Jolly; Bryce park meeting Chief Ranger and Mrs. Maurice Cope; and Tropic, meeting George D. Shakespeare. At Panguitch, Utah, they met President Frank Martines, Secretary Ray Carter and other members of the Associated civic clubs of southern Utah. At Escalante they visited the Allens, meeting many of the searchers of the two expeditions, including Walt Allen, Gene Bailey, Harvey

Is Everett Ruess in Mexico?

By Cora L. Keagle

On the ninth of April, 1937, my husband and I were returning from a jaunt to Mexico City. Nine miles south of Monterey, we saw two young fellows tinkering with the motor of an old car stalled by the roadside.

In Mexico, where there is leisure for civilities, everyone stops to render assistance when cars misbehave so we remembered our manners and pulled up opposite the car.

It seemed the owner of the complaining car had purchased a new jet for the carburetor in Monterey but it had proved to be the wrong size, so the car, after wheezing along for nine miles, had given a final gasp and stopped. No amount of tinkering produced more than a cough from the motor so the owner suggested that his passenger ride on to Monterey with us, exchange the jet and catch a ride back while he stayed with the car. And so it was arranged.

The young fellow came over to us, then saying, "Just a minute," returned for his portfolio. "I never let this out of sight. It's the source of my living," he remarked, and put the portfolio in our car.

"That sounds interesting," I ventured. Then he explained that he did water colors and was always able to make his way by selling them or exchanging them for food and lodgings.

In the few minutes it took to drive to Monterey he asked many questions about Mexico City. A cousin of ours in the back seat happened to mention Chicago. He told her that he had studied art in Chicago, also said he had been living among the Indians in Arizona painting and writing. Being interested in art I remembered this part of the conversation especially.

At Monterey he thanked us for the ride and we parted in the casual way of chance travelers but there was something about his personality that made us remember him definitely.

At that time we had never heard of Everett Ruess but when the September issue of Desert Magazine came out and I read Mr. Lacy's story I was instantly convinced that he was the young artist who had ridden with us to Monterey. There was the likeness of the photograph, the fact that he had painted in Arizona and that he painted in water colors.

I couldn't wait to show the illustration to Mr. Keagle, so I ran out to the cactus garden where he was working and asked him if he still remembered the face of the young artist we picked up in Mexico. When he said he remembered him well, I showed the illustration. He looked at it a minute then exclaimed, "That's the very fellow."

We are convinced that we saw Everett Ruess. True, it was two years and six months after he disappeared but the Saltillo region out of Monterey is a remote place very interesting to artists so it is quite conceivable that he had been in Mexico for some time.

And if it was Everett he was tanned, healthy and happy and several pounds heavier than when he disappeared.

Bailey, Frank Barney, Loren Blood, George Davis, Claude Haws, Joe Larson, Chester Lay, Alden Moyes, Oris Moyes, Ronald Schow, Alton Twitchell, Earl Woolsey, Jack Woolsey, Prudencio Zabala, Will R. Barker, Joe Predenzo, Hugh Chestnut, L. C. Christensen and Eldrid Mitchell.

July 13 the parents communicated with the sheriff at Gallup, New Mexico, regarding a skeleton found burned in the desert near Gallup. Dental evidence disclosed that it could not have been Everett.

About July 29 letters were received suggesting that Everett might be living in disguise in Blanding, Utah. This proved to be an error.

In August, inspired by Captain Neal Johnson who still insisted that Everett might be living with the Indians near Navajo mountain, the Salt Lake Tribune sent Captain Johnson with one of their star reporters, John U. Terrel, discoverer of the spectacles that led to the solution of the Chicago Leopold-Loeb murder case. The 11-day trip was given full-page illustrated stories in the Tribune, and led to the hint that Everett had been murdered for his outfit. It was suggested that the state of Utah equip and conduct an expedition at the request of the counties in which Everett was last seen. Citizens of some counties, in which a murder had not been committed in half a century, resented and scoffed at the suggestion. Nothing further was done.

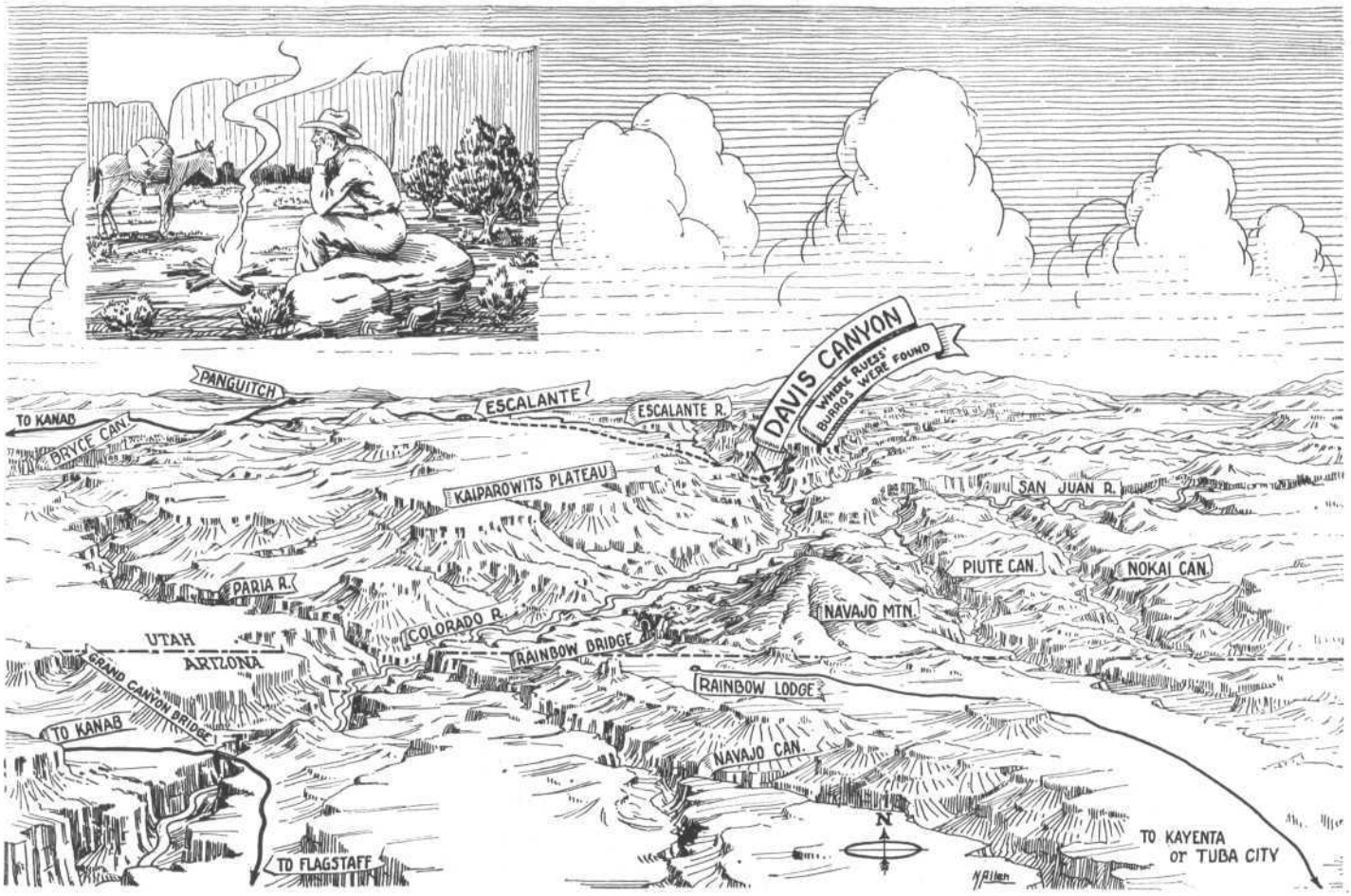
Letters, clues and hints since that time have been investigated by the Ruess family with no helpful results. One of the chief among these was the experience of Mr. and Mrs. MacAntire of Los Angeles who saw a young man they believed later to be Everett near Moab, Utah, February 1937.

The Ruesses are not inclined to follow occult investigations, but friends have consulted mediums and psychics from California to Massachusetts. Some seers said that he was safe with the Indians. Others said that he had drowned crossing the Colorado on a crudely-constructed raft. Others merely said that he was dead. None said that he was murdered. None said that he fell, suffered amnesia, and still lives and travels unaware of his identity. Parents and friends, of course, have seen Everett in dreams, alike contradictory —living, dead, among the Indians, or, as the parents occasionally dream, trudging up to the backdoor, dumping his heavy outfit saying, "Well, here I am!"

John Wetherill of Kayenta, who helped Everett chart his last trip, agrees with the opinion of most Escalante folk that Everett fell from some high cliff dwelling and that his outfit, covered by blowing sand, may be found only by accident years hence. Mr. Syrett of Ruby's Inn near the entrance to Bryce park, to whom Everett disclosed a desire to live with the Indians for a time, said that if Everett had fallen to his death in the dry desert atmosphere near Davis canyon his body would mummify where it fell, and that carrion birds would not come to it. The cliffs are so numerous and abrupt that with rope and ladder it would be a tremendous task to investigate them. Twenty years or so hence when the district in which Everett disappeared may become a national monument or park, some one may stumble upon Everett's last diary of 1934 with his best writing in it and upon some of his last and choicest water-colors, as well as the Navajo bracelet, "whose three turquoises gleam in the firelight."

Of Everett's risks H. C. Lockett, the archaeologist in Everett's letter "With Archaeologists at Basket Maker Cave," writes, "I had an excellent chance really to know Everett . . . he spent much of his time in this burial cave with me . . . we had many talks together and I know that Everett was always anxious to get into situations which provided thrills and excitement. When these situations arose he would think about them, write about them or often paint them. One time in camp he stood on the edge of a 400-foot cliff during a rainstorm and did a water-color sketch of a waterfall. I remember this very clearly because I personally was

Continued on page 37



By MARSHAL SOUTH

Mescal Roast

"There are as many variations in the method of mescal roasting as there are in baking biscuits," Marshal South wrote to the editor of Desert Magazine. "For instance, roasting pits may vary from stone-lined holes to no pits at all. The formula I have described in the accompanying story follows very closely the method used by the Indians in our part of the desert."

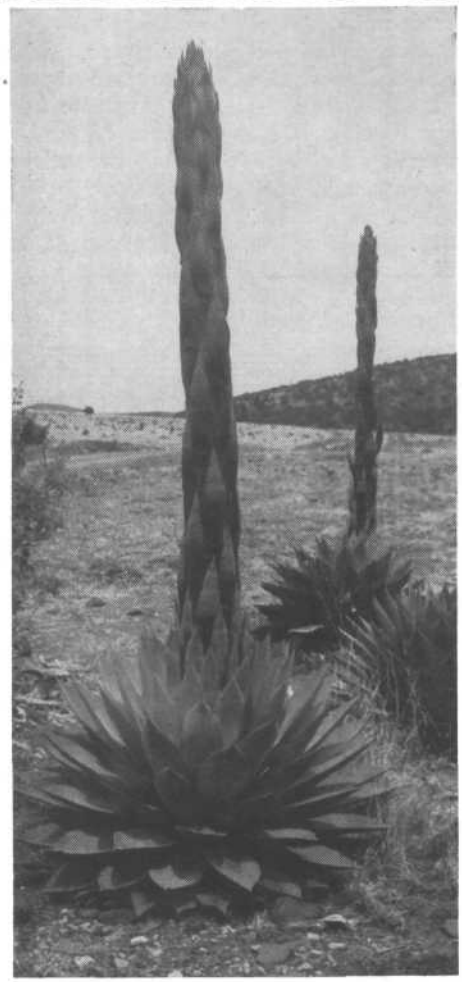
FOLLOWING AN age-dimmed trail through the clear, hushed dawn of an April morning, we reach our destination at length — an ancient circle of fire scorched stones. It is about 12 feet in diameter. Within it, in the center of the level patch of flame blackened earth which it encloses, there is another roughly ranged ring of rocks. This inner ring is perhaps three feet across. An old, old mescal roasting hearth. How many Indian feasts, in the dim past, have its fire-smudged stones witnessed? Who now shall say? But we have used it also ourselves many times. We are no strangers to its delectable product.

The sun is up by now and we set swiftly to work. Eagerly our five-year-old runs to a great boulder and, with a wary eye for possible lurking rattlesnakes, drags from a dim recess beneath it two ancient digging sticks. It was there, long ago, that we found them. They are heavy and weathered with age. But they are still serviceable. For us, as for the aboriginal brown hands which placed them in their hiding place, they win toothsome banquets.

Tanya is hunting for fuel—her efforts curtailed somewhat by the task of caring for the youngest "tribal member" who is too small as yet to be given free rein in a world of bristling thorns. But that does not prevent him from giving advice. There is an oriole trilling away off on the summit of a tall, dead mescal stalk. About the scarlet flowers of the swaying ocotillos hummingbirds flash. Over to the left, against the tumbled boulders at the foot of the ridge a bulky biznaga flings back the sun-rays from a glowing crown of yellow blossoms.

Meanwhile our five-year-old and I have scooped a shallow depression in the loose earth in the center of the smaller stone circle. We have brought stones from the outer ring and laid them in the depression. And finally we have brought in the rest of the stones from the outer ring and built them as a sort of coping around the edge of this circular hearth, leaving spaces between them where we are to lay the mescal hearts.

Now for the hearts themselves. These, in spite of this year's abundance, take some finding. For they must be just in the right stage of growth. They are best when the big, new shoot is first beginning to thrust upwards. With our digging sticks—when we have found a mescal plant in this stage—we wrench out the shoot and core of the plant. Then we strike off the top of the shoot and trim the leaves. For this job—for once sacrificing sentiment to utility — we use a modern hatchet. The resultant product, a clean bud about 15 inches in length and eight or 10 inches thick at the butt end, is laid in one of the spaces left between the stones piled as a rough coping around the hearth.



Budding flower stalk of the mescal, or Agave. The bud, when it first appears is best for roasting purposes, as described on this page. The desert Agave spends many years preparing to send out this one flower stalk—and then dies as soon as its flowering season is over.

When we have filled the openings left in our ring of stones, stones alternating with buds, we are ready for the fire. Over our little circular hearth and its surrounding ring of stones and mescal butts, fuel is piled thickly. Principally this fuel consists of the dry stalks and dead plants of the last season's mescals. But all sorts of handy dry brushwood and sticks are pressed into service. It has to be a rather big fire and the more material in it that will produce hot coals the better.

Usually the fire is kept up for about half an hour or so, the embers falling in on the shallow stone-lined pit. When it has burned down and the stones are hot the fire-charred mescal buds and the hot coping stones among which they have lain are tumbled into the shallow hearth-pit and over the hot heap earth is piled generously.

This, for the present, completes the process. If there is time—and there usually is—we will move on to the next old roasting hearth and repeat the process. And to the next. Weary—for the work is hard—we tramp homeward through the desert dusk along the ancient trails.

From 36 to 48 hours later we are making the rounds again, opening our pits, raking aside the rocks and levelling out the heaped earth. Queer things these charred, limp butts appear as we rake them out of the ashy sand.

Queer, strange looking things! Yes, but when the charred outer covering is removed and the golden-brown interior mass, sweet as molasses and resembling somewhat a cross between a baked sweet potato and a delectable slice of pumpkin pie, comes into view then is all expended labor amply rewarded.

Tasty and delicious! A flavor all its own! Delectable when fresh and even more so when sun dried—in which state it will keep for long periods—the heart of the mescal makes ample amends at the last for its long life of savage, dagger-armed viciousness.

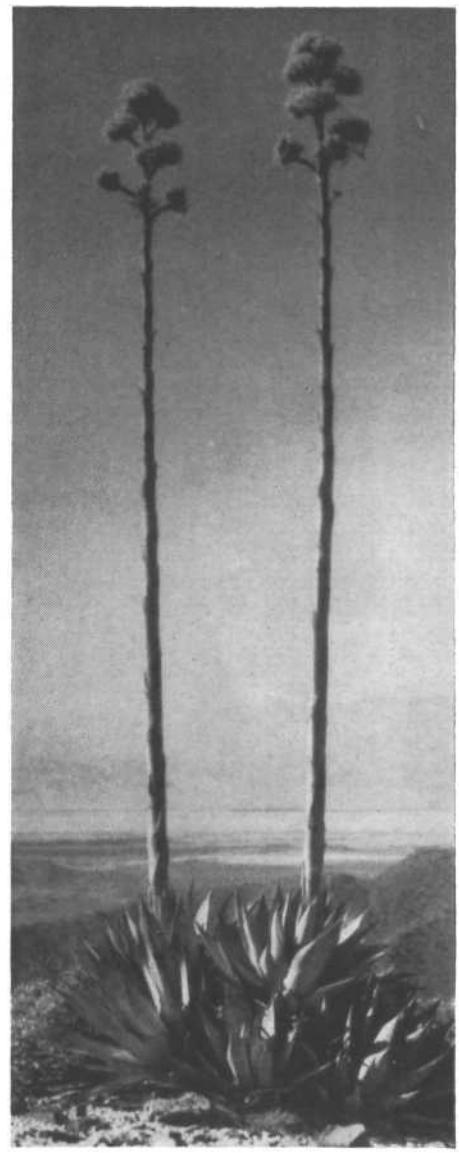
"A-moosh" some of the California Indians called the mescal. Botanists call it *Agave*. But what is a name? Wending homeward with our burdens of rich, tasty sweet, our hearts are happy. The "old people" who made these ancient trails and fire-hearths were wise in their generation. Hail to the Mescal!

Mary Beal's story of the Agave, or mescal, is the first of a series on desert botany to appear in this and subsequent issues of the Desert Magazine. Agave was the most useful of all shrubs in the daily lives of the Indians who once roamed the arid region. One of the methods used by the aborigines in preparing it for food is described on the opposite page by Marshal South.

Food and Fishlines for the Tribesmen

By MARY BEAL

Sketches by Norton Allen



CALL them century plants if you wish, as Americans generally do, or mescal, or maguey. To botanists they are Agaves, aptly named from the Greek word meaning "noble."

Most of the Agaves are mountaineers and rather choosey as to mountains, preferring arid rocky locations. They climb from barren foothills to high ridges of rugged ranges, giving an accent of distinctive individuality to any area they frequent.

For one or two dozen years the Agave does nothing but grow and wax fat, biding its time until the urge of destiny rushes it with amazing rapidity into a magnificent flowering. After this achievement the plant dies, posterity assured by seeds and off-shoots from the base.

Among the notable exceptions to this rule are some of the smaller Arizona species such as *A. schotii, A. toumeyana, A. parvifolia, A. treleasei,* which frequently survive the flowering period.

When Agaves are used in landscaping the plant can usually be saved by cutting the flower stalk after it is well started. Prediction of the approaching bloom can usually be made the fall before, by the increased thickening of the leaf bases and the wider angle of the terminal shoot.

Primitive Indians probably found more uses for the Agave than for any other plant. Fibers, pounded out from soaked leaves, made cord for bowstrings, ropes, fishlines, nets, for weaving garments, saddle-blankets, and sandals. It was useful in basket-making and for brushes, and the roots of some species made a substitute for soap, producing a fine lather. The young flower-scape at a tender stage provided the food treat of the year, roasted in pits used year after year, the remains of which by charred embers and ashes still mark the sites of old feasting.

While Agave blossoms normally in the spring months, Lieut. W. H. Emory on the Kearny expedition to California in 1846, reports finding one of the stalks in bloom near Carrizo creek in California November 29. In his diary of that day Emory wrote: "We rode for miles through the centennial plant *Agave americana* (evidently the plant now classified as deserti) and found one in full bloom. The sharp thorns terminating every leaf of this plant were a great annoyance to our dismounted and wearied men whose legs were now almost bare. A number of these plants were cut by the soldiers and the body of them used as food."

The matured flower stalks of the Agave are pithy but have some strength and were used in some instances by desert Indians in the construction of crude ramadas or shelters.

According to some authorities the black seeds of the Agave were used for food, being ground on the metate and added to the meal of the mesquite bean in the making of pinole.

Following are described some of the more common species of Agave found in the southwestern desert region:

Agave utahensis (Engelmann)

This slender member of the clan has the most northerly range. Its fine plants grace the Grand Canyon area and it thrives in several northeastern Mojave desert ranges, in the Death valley region, and through southwestern Nevada into Utah. It is listed for the Providence mountains but I have never found it there. Its close tuft of leaves is dull blue-green six to 12 inches high, each hard, narrow dagger white-margined with sharp curved teeth and apexed by a spine one to three inches long.

It sends up a slender stalk four to 10 feet tall, with pale-yellow tubular blossoms an inch or two long in clusters of two to four at short intervals along the stem. The thrill of finding my first Mojave desert Agave, the utahensis, on Clark mountain was heightened when a sharp thunderstorm sent us scampering to the car for shelter. Presently, from the clearing rain emerged the unforgettable picture of a hillside abounding with Agave stalks outlined against the shifting clouds.

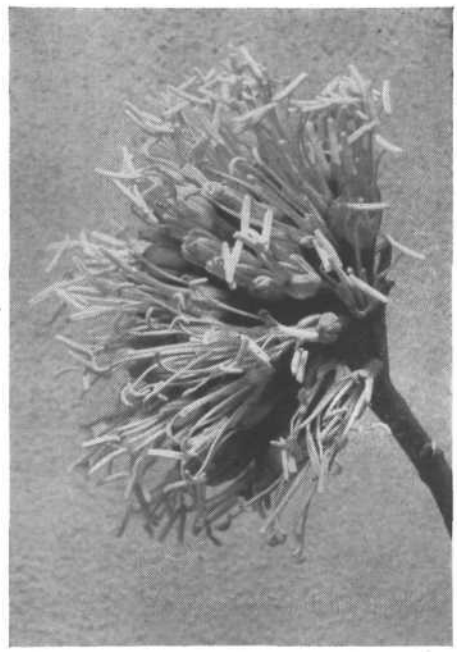
Agave deserti (Engelmann)

A more spectacular species, *Agave deserti* flourishes on arid slopes of mountains bordering the Colorado desert on the west, often crowded into dense colonies 10 or 15 feet across. The Santa Rosa and Laguna mountains are particularly favored haunts. It is found also in the Providence mountains, Whipple mountains and other Colorado river ranges. The fleshy whitish-green leaves form a perfect rosette one to two feet high and two to three and a half feet across. Each stiff lanceolate leaf, edged by

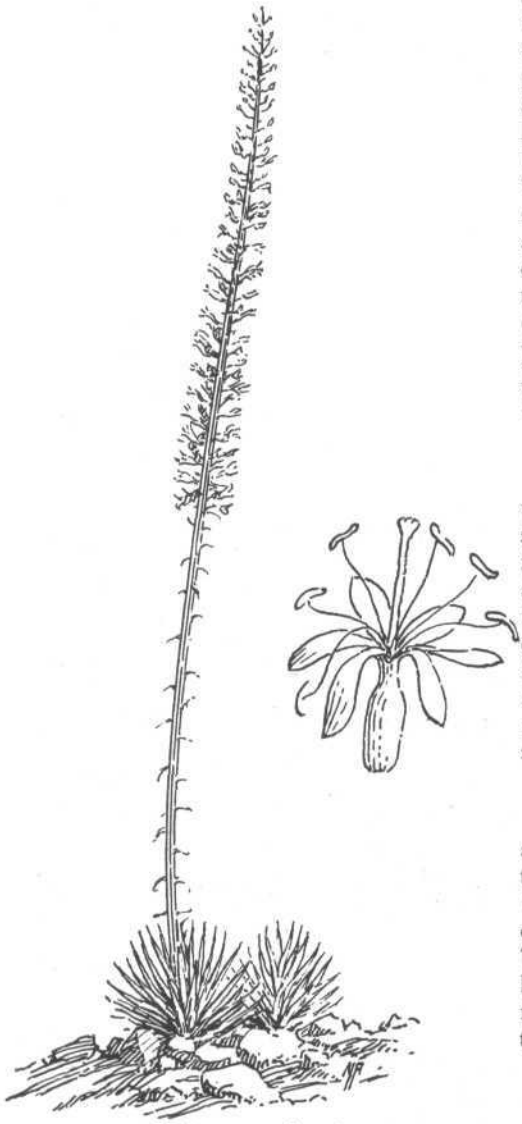
strong hooked prickles, is tipped by a long spine. From the heart of this dagger cluster the stout flower-stalk rises eight to 21 feet, the upper part a panicle of 10 to 20 branches, each ending in a dense bunch of yellow flowers with long stamens protruding into a bright golden fluff. The flower-cups overflow with honey, making every blossoming Agave a sweetshop for questing bees and hummingbirds.

Finding Agave deserti in the Providence mountains brought me the most delightful botanical surprise of 29 desert years. I had not found it listed for that region. There it displays some characteristics which may entitle it to a label of a special variety. It lacks the gregarious habit, forming no close colonies, and as often as not the flowers and stalks are a rich red instead of yellow. Frequently they choose tantalizing spots difficult to reach, amid jagged pinnacles, perched on narrow ledges or atop sheer walls.

For weeks every spring I botanize the Providence mountains. Agave rosettes and dead stalks are common but I found none in bloom until near the end of my second season, when a prospector's report sent me scurrying to a limestone spur a few canyons up the range, the prelude to several more discoveries between Mitchell cavern and the Bonanza King. This year dozens of blossoming Agaves rewarded my mountaineering. I followed all the branches and forks of accessible canyons to their heads, finding my own trails, scrambling over steep rock masses on hands and knees, sometimes hard-pressed for secure finger-grips and footholds, little dog Nig my usual companion.



Showing detail of the terminal cluster of Agave deserti.



Agave utahensis

Agave consociata (Trelease)

So like *deserti* is *Agave consociata*, with the same habits and frequenting similar habitats, the novice sees no difference and some botanists discard it as a species. It ranges from the eastern flanks of the San Jacinto mountains to eastern San Diego county and Lower California. Identify it by blue-green leaves, slender scape six to 12 feet tall with rather sparse panicle, and a spindle-shaped, short-pointed ovary.

Agave schottii (Engelmann)

This is the common Arizona species, abundant in the Santa Catalina mountains. The light blue-green leaves six to 12 inches long, are sparsely prickle-edged, the margin shredding into fibers. The slender scape four to six feet tall, bears scented, somewhat curved yellow flowers. It follows the usual family customs.

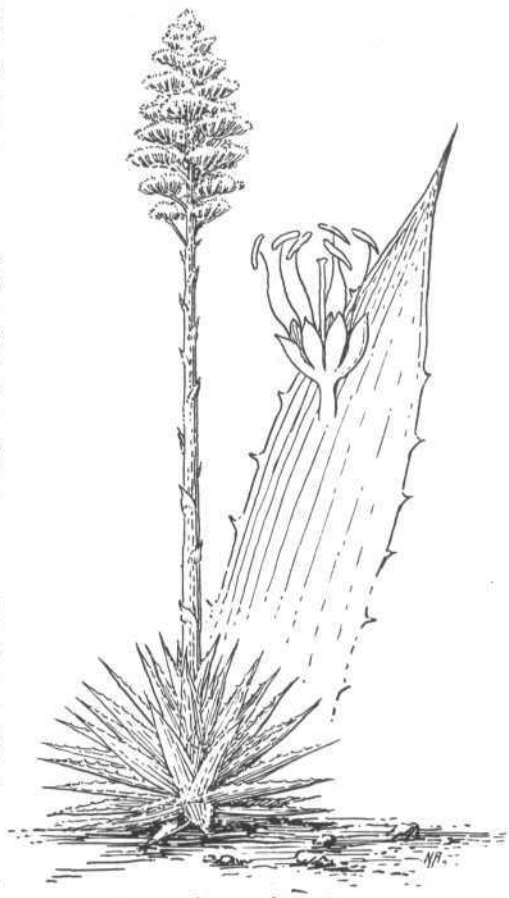
Agave palmeri (Engelmann)

In Arizona and New Mexico the Palmer Agave displays a rosette of blue-green leaves 18 to 30 inches long, margined by slender grey or garnet hooked prickles. The leathery, creamy flowers are two to two and one-fourth inches long, with deep tube, the ovary one inch.

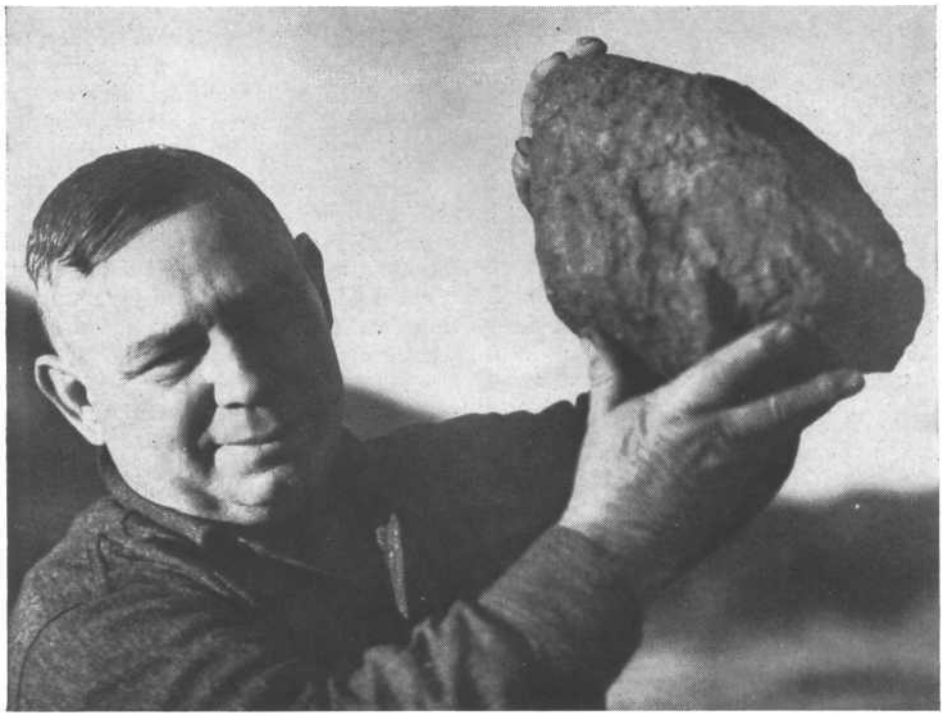
Closely related to *A. parryi, Engelm.* are: *A. huachucensis,* Baker. broad leaved native of the Huachuca mountains, and *A. couessi,* Engelm., leaves rather oblong, very rigid, grey, smooth; flowers rather large, yellow.

In addition to those mentioned Dr. F. H. Bailey lists the following Agaves as native of New Mexico: *A. chihuahuana, Trel.,* leaves short, broad, thick; fls rather large and yellowish. *Ahartmaini,* Wats. similar to the Arizona *A. parviflora,* but somewhat larger. *A. falcata,* Engelm., called "guapilla" and furnishes an important part of the ixtle of N. M; flowers purplish, leaves broad and hard-fibrous. *A.bracteosa,* Wats., leaves grey, spineless.

Arizona's Pinal mountains sport a small species, *Agave toumeyana* (Engelmann) with small blossoms and leaves only two to four inches long, the capsule ovoid. A dozen or more species range along the Mexican border from Texas to California. In Mexico are many more, the best known the imposing century plant of cultivated gardens, *Agave americana,* one of the sources of Mexico's fiery tequila.



Agave deserti



Elmo Proctor and his musical geode

John Hilton went out on another gem-hunting trip—this time into the Mojave desert of California. John is always finding interesting things outside the field of gem stones, and this trip was no exception. Not far from the main highway between Barstow and Baker he explored two canyons of fantastic and beautifully colored formations — and has mapped them for Desert Magazine readers. His companions on the trip were some real pioneers —the kind of folks who live rather than merely stay on the desert. Here's a story that you'll enjoy—even if you don't know one gem rock from another.

Hunting Gem Stones in Menagerie Canyon

The road into Menagerie canyon gem field is no boulevard—but not impassable to the experienced driver. This is the car in which John Hilton does his exploring trips for the Desert Magazine.

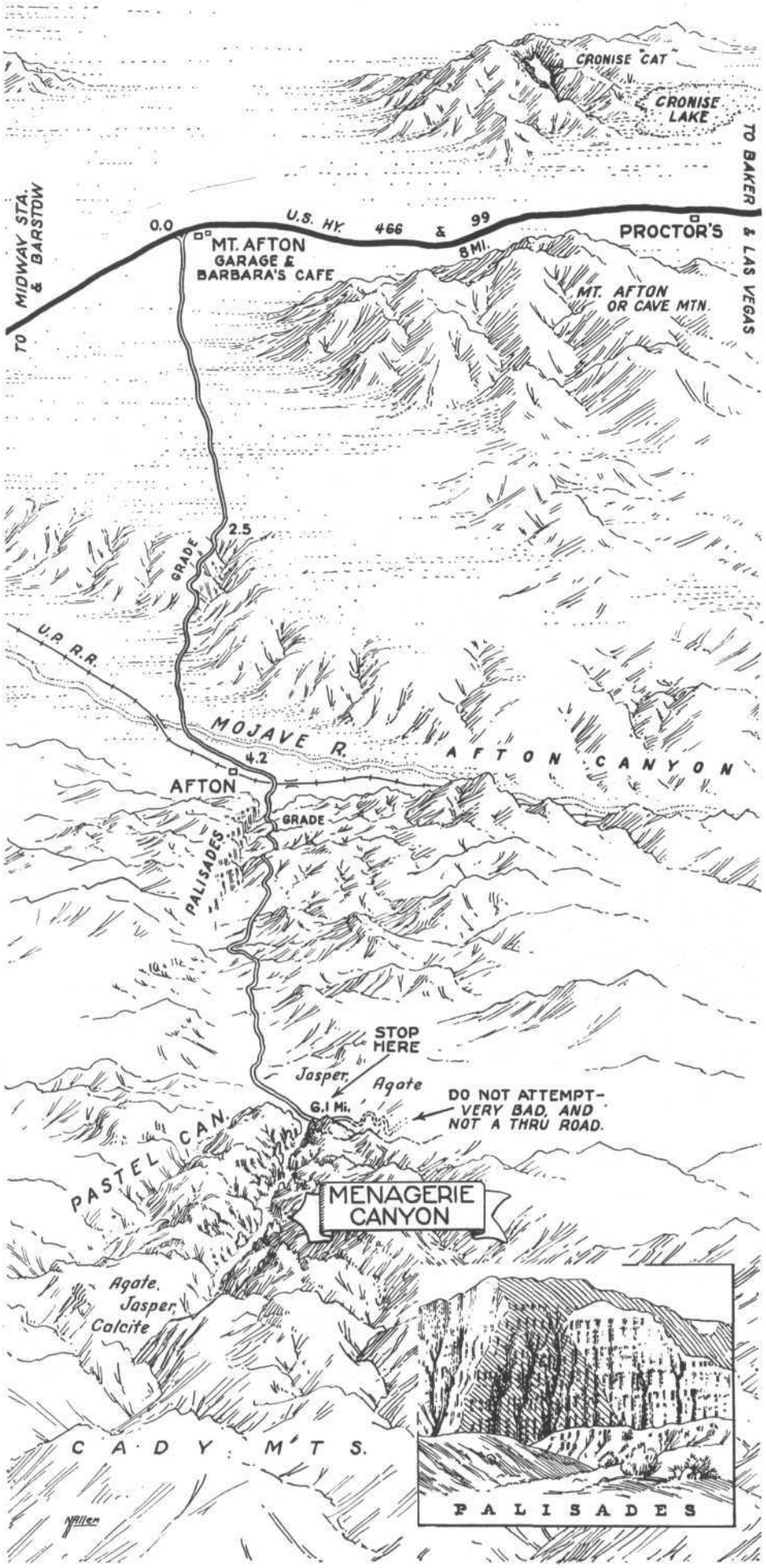
By JOHN W. HILTON

ALL afternoon Elmo Proctor and I had been roaming over the Afton mountains on California's Mojave desert planning a feasible itinerary for those Desert Magazine readers who seek the out-of-the-way places for gem rocks and kodak pictures and rare scenery—or who like to go just for the love of exploring the desert wilderness.

Finally we had decided to map the area around Menagerie and Pastel canyons. These names are not on the maps—but they fit the landscape so admirably I am sure they will be sooner or later. This is a favorite haunt of ours—we have been going there for years and we felt the time had come when we should share the beauty and interest of this place with others.

We came to a flat-topped boulder. Elmo lowered the bag of bright-hued jaspers he had been gathering and seated himself on the rock beside me. Spread out below us were the rugged color-splashed cliffs and ravines of Afton canyon.

Mary and Ethel Proctor had accom-



panied their father. True daughters of the desert they are. They were telling me about some of the tourists who stop at their service station on the highway between Yermo and Baker.

These girls were born and raised on the Mojave. They cannot understand why so many of the motorists can see only the heat and the aridity of their desert home. To them it is a never-ending source of interest. "I don't see how anyone could ever grow tired of it," Mary remarked.

Opposite the entrance to Menagerie canyon, near the place marked on the accompanying map as a suitable parking place for cars, is a hill that is a veritable paradise for gem rock hunters. Practically every color and marking known to the jasper family is represented here, and can be found in abundance in the surrounding alluvial fans.

As we entered the canyon itself the effect was most startling. White and pale pastel tinted masses of clay stood out in sharp contrast against a background of dark lava. It is a picture that might have been an artist's concept of the landscape on Mars or the moon. I have been in this canyon many times cver a period of 10 years—and I find it more fascinating on each trip. The weird shape of the rocks is no less strange than the unusual coloring.

The first "animal" we encountered in Menagerie canyon was a huge lion's head of pale buff shade, showing eyes, nostrils and mouth in a perfectly sculptured head. A little farther along we came to a gigantic white mass resembling a sphinx or some strange breed of dog. It stands out in sharp outline against a lava hill that is nearly black.

Beyond this point the canyon narrows until one can touch both walls in passing through. Here at a dry waterfall is a seam of red and green jasper crossing the canyon at right angles. Although this material is quite beautiful it hardly would pay to try to dig it out of its matrix for there is plenty of similar rock lying on the ridge above. Such a bright ribbon of rock is too beautiful to destroy, and should be left in place for all to see and enjoy.

The canyon widens out again and leads in a graceful curve to another narrow gateway flanked on either side by huge white pillars. They look for all the world like the ruins of some architectural masterpiece of the dim distant past.

Passing through this portal another animal appears ahead. This time it is a huge shaggy dog with forepaws outstretched. The figure forms the left flank of a dry waterfall—white on either side and black in the center. Since the overhang here is difficult to climb it is best

to leave the floor of the canyon and ascend the right bank.

The ridge above is scattered with fine jaspers and agates, and here and there veins of the material can be seen in place. Following this ridge for a half mile we came to the rim of Pastel canyon. The mouth of this canyon is about a hundred yards below the parking place marked on the map.

Pastel canyon is not so majestically sculptured as Menagerie but the soft fan-shaped slopes of vari-colored volcanic clays form a beautiful pattern. In few places on the desert are there as wide an assortment of rich shades and delicate tints as are displayed in these two canyons.

For the more ambitious hiker or collector there are unlimited opportunities for exploration in the rugged country back of these canyons. Weird rock formations and narrow gorges may be encountered in numerous places, and there is a great variety of jaspers, agates, calcite and geodes.

Care should be taken to avoid walking too near the rim of these canyons, or in climbing the steep walls, as the structure is treacherous and may give way. It is best to travel with companions, as a sprained ankle or broken bone might be serious to one traveling alone. There is no water here.

It was with some misgiving that we first considered mapping a trip into this interesting country. The roads are narrow, steep and rocky, and in some places sandy. Tenderfoot drivers could easily become stuck in the sand, not only causing annoyance to themselves but making the road impassable to those who travel it normally. Residents in this area depend on this road for hauling their water supply and it would be a serious hardship to them if it were cut up by bad driving.

It is for this reason I have asked Desert Magazine readers not to try to go beyond the parking area marked on the map. Beyond that point the road is so narrow as to make it almost impossible to pass another car. Contrary to the opinion of many persons, the road does not continue on to Baxter as there is no crossing over the railroad tracks.

It is important that visitors here carry plenty of water as none is available in the field I am describing. The air is dry and the average person will drink more water than usual. For those who camp, bring plenty of bedding. The days are warm, but the nights are extremely chilly.

Despite the aridity of this country there is abundant wildlife, and it is surprisingly tame. On one trip here I camped at the foot of one of these hills. During the night we were visited by a kit fox or desert swift. We could see his dim

Continued on page 28

Here are some of the formations John Hilton found in Menagerie canyon. In the upper picture are Ethel and Mary Proctor photographed in the rocky portal described in the accompanying text.

New Gateway to Grand Canyon

When Major William Powell led the first boat expedition down the Colorado river in 1869 he lost three members of his crew at Separation rapids, and narrowly escaped more serious disaster at the Lava Cliff rapids near the mouth of Spencer canyon. Today, any landlubber can sail over the Lava Cliff rapids without even using an oar to keep his boat right side up—and as soon as Lake Mead is a few feet higher he can navigate Separation rapids without ever knowing about the treacherous rocks in the bottom of the canyon beneath him. In the accompanying story, the writer gives some vivid glimpses of the great desert playground that has become accessible to motorists as a result of the building of Boulder dam.

By RANDALL HENDERSON

THREE thousand years ago—some of the scientists say 15,000 — a shaggy red-haired beast lived in a sizable cave high up in one of the limestone cliffs of the lower Grand Canyon.

There is nothing left in his lair today except a few bones, some dung and an occasional tuft of hair. But the national park service values these prehistoric relics so highly it has erected an iron gate at the cave entrance so tourists cannot destroy what is left of them.

Before Boulder dam was built — or Hoover dam if you prefer — it wasn't necessary to erect iron gates to keep tourists out of the lower Grand Canyon. The region was so rugged and inaccessible as to be shunned even by roving Indian tribesmen. But the white man's magic has changed that—and today excursion boats make daily trips into that wild country, almost to the mouth of the cave where the Giant Ground Sloth lived.

If one of those ancient beasts could have survived a few thousand years longer, and had poked his nose out of his hole late one afternoon in September he would have seen a strange picture—that is, strange to the eyes of this prehistoric monster. He would have looked down on four tidy motor launches moored at the edge of the water below his cave, and a queer tribe of bipeds scrambling among the boulders at the foot of the talus slope below the cliff.

Of course if the visitors had glanced up and seen the Ground Sloth they would have been surprised also.

I don't know much about the life of the Ground Sloth, but I happen to know all about the odd tribe of invaders who in this year of 1939 were visitors in his

ancient habitat. It was my good fortune to be one of them. It came about this way:

This was the annual Lake Mead excursion trip of the Sierra Club of California. There were 133 outdoor enthusiasts in our party and we had chartered four sturdy boats with their pilots and crews from Grand Canyon-Lake Mead Tours, Inc. This very efficient organization holds the public service concessions —boating, hotels, etc.—in the Boulder dam recreational area.

Our destination was the headwaters of Lake Mead—the place where the mighty Colorado roars down out of its 217-mile Grand Canyon prison and becomes a tranquil lake, subject to the rules and regulations of the U. S. bureau of reclamation.

This was to be a three-day trip, so we brought our bedrolls along and were prepared to camp wherever and whenever Fred Hilty, the commodore of our fleet, should put us ashore.

Friday night before Labor Day we camped on the lakeshore at Hemenway beach. Cars were rolling in all night from points as far away as San Francisco.

By nine o'clock Saturday morning a procession of Sierrans loaded with bedrolls and rations for three days was arriving at the floating boat dock. It is surprising how many comforts and luxuries the veteran campers of the Sierra organization can pack into a dunnage bag occupying no more space than an extra fat Sunday newspaper and weighing only 30 pounds or thereabouts.

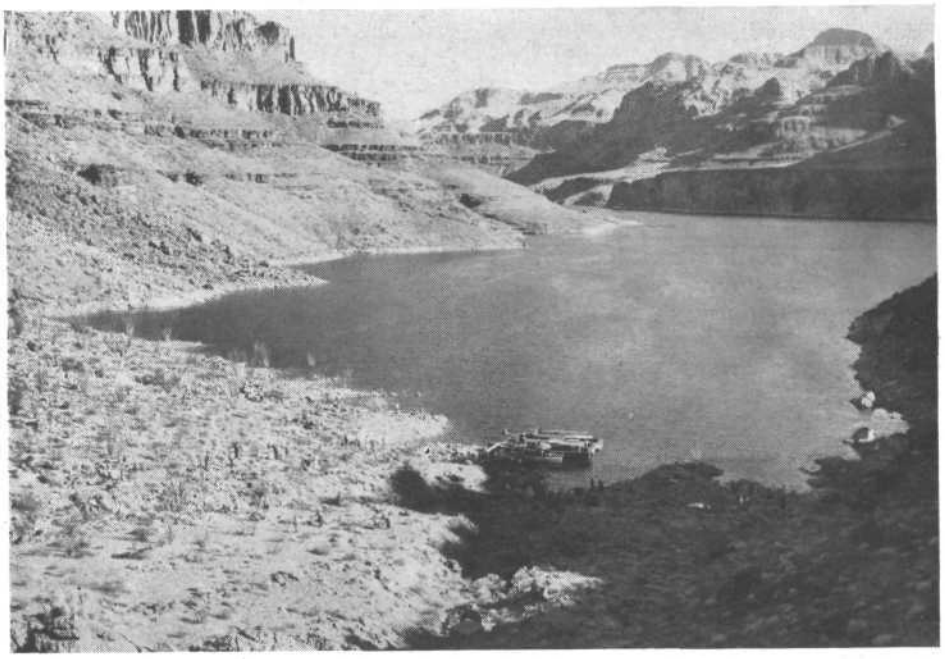
Our little fleet detoured into Black canyon for a close-up view of the dam, then lined out in single file for the 115-mile cruise up the lake. As we passed the colorful badlands at the foot of Fortification Hill the pilots told us to watch the hillsides for wild burros. We were rewarded later by seeing several of them browsing on what appeared to be bare sand and rock. They grow fat on the scant vegetation, and have multiplied in this area to the point where the park service is wondering what to do with them. The rangers say deer and mountain sheep will starve on a range where there are too many burros.

Folks generally visualize a lake as being a circular body of water with a fairly regular shoreline fringed with trees.

That may be a proper description for the kind of lakes nature creates. But it doesn't fit Lake Mead. This is a man-made lake. It is a long skinny affair—115 miles one way, with an average width of not over four or five miles. It is shaped like a big bull snake that has eaten a whole family of rabbits one at a time at 15-minute intervals. The bulges are where the numerous tributary canyons take off.

We passed an occasional small boat on the lower lake—fishermen trying to hook the big-mouth bass which grow to huge

Boulder dam and Lake Mead, from above the observation point on the Arizona side. The intake towers, like long-legged twins holding arms and wading in water above their waists, were built along the canyon walls but the reservoir has risen to surround them. They supply water to run the generators of the power house below the dam. Around 15,000 *cars visit the dam each month. Reclamation Bureau photo.*



This is the cove where the Sierra club camped two nights. The Ground Sloth cave is in the cliffs on the left, just out of the range of the lens when this picture was taken. Desert Magazine photo.

size in these waters. The natives tell a strange story about these bass.

Soon after the lake began to form behind Boulder dam some one discovered there were some big bass in the water. Bass are not native to this desert region. And if the young fish had been planted there when the lake was started they could not have grown so large.

It remained for some of the old-timers up in the Virgin river country to clear up the mystery. They recalled that in 1916 when Senator Carl Hayden was campaigning for congress he had visited the sparsely settled northwest corner of Arizona to make a political speech. Of course the local voters had a few requests to make—among them the promise that some young trout would be planted in the Virgin river. The Virgin is a tributary of the Colorado.

Hayden was elected and in due time several big cans of baby fish arrived from one of the hatcheries. They were labeled "trout" but when the cans were opened they proved to be bass. The local fishermen were disgusted, but dumped them in the river—and forgot about them. No one knows where those fish spent the intervening 18 years—but today they are big healthy members of the fish tribe, and have brought fame to Mead Lake as a fisherman's paradise in the heart of the desert.

We crossed the first big bulge in sinuous Lake Mead and then entered the narrow precipitous gorge of Boulder canyon—where the dam was to have been built until the engineers discovered an earthquake fault in the walls.

I am glad the engineers changed their plans, for one of the many pleasant surprises on the three-day excursion came in Boulder canyon. About half way through, the pilots changed their course and steered for the rock sidewalls. It looked like a crazy maneuver—but Skipper Fred Hilty knew where he was going. There's a narrow slit in the cliff at this point, invisible from the center of the lake. We slipped through a solid-rock gateway so narrow we could almost touch the sidewalls.

Just beyond the natural gate was a tiny cove—the Wishing Well of Boulder canyon. It is so small I wondered how they could turn the boats around and get out. But our pilots had been there before, and they knew the way. On board our craft there was a rush for bathing suits, and many of the Sierrans dived overboard for a refreshing splash in the water. The day was warm in this little inlet.

We passed out of Boulder canyon and into the great basin where the Virgin river once flowed into the Colorado. The former junction of these two streams is now the biggest bulge in our snake-like lake. From here a 30-mile arm of the lake extends north beyond the site of old St. Thomas, the historic outpost which is now submerged.

A strong wind from the southwest had turned the lake into a choppy sea, and the spray from the prow of the boat showered us as we headed for the narrow gorge of Virgin canyon, our next scenic passage.

There is no monotony on the trip up Lake Mead. Ol' Man Colorado was a master landscape artist — and he must have known that some future day there would come this way a species of animal whose emotions would react to beauty of line and color.

There are striking rock formations along the shore as the boat approaches Virgin canyon. Most conspicuous of these is The Temple—pictured on the cover of this issue of the Desert Magazine. It once was called Temple Bar, but the bar formed by the talus slopes at its base has been submerged and now only the vertical walls are seen. I thought of the Enchanted Mesa of Acoma as we passed this unscalable sandstone massif. But I am sure no ancient tribesmen lived on top of this natural fortress. At least, archaeologists have found no evidence that prehistoric man established permanent dwellings in this vicinity.

Beyond Virgin canyon is Iceberg canyon, named by the Wheeler expedition in 1871 because of the berg-like contour of the low range along the north side of the channel.

As the walls of Iceberg canyon opened up and we entered another bulge in the lake we saw Grand Canyon. We needed no guide to tell us those turreted walls ahead of us belonged to America's mightiest chasm. The cliffs through which we had been cruising all day were mere foothills compared with the majestic skyline that rose beyond the bluffs of the Grand Wash ahead.

In my notes that day I wrote, "We are entering the Grand Canyon by the back door." But I have felt guilty about that notation and I want to erase it. Such walls as those could never properly be called the "back door" to anything. True they form the southernmost gateway to the Grand Canyon gorge—but I suspect that in years to come more people will enter the canyon at this point than along all the rest of its 217-mile length.

We were not to enter the gorge until the following day. We had come 70 miles from Boulder dam, and somewhere along these precipitous shores was a little cove where we were to camp for the night.

Our pilots steered a course to the right, and just beyond a projecting ridge of rock we saw the boat dock that marks Pierce ferry landing. Actual site of the old ferry crossing disappeared long ago beneath the rising waters of the lake. But the name persists, and today it marks a sandy cove where a broad wash once drained into the Colorado river. Here the park service is planning to install one of the three main public camp grounds which are to provide accommodations for visitors to Lake Mead. The other two are at Hemenway beach, three miles from the present boat landing, and near Overton on the Virgin river arm of the lake.

Harrison Pearce established a ferry here

Wishing Well cove. The boats entered this concealed inlet through a slit in the canyon walls so narrow the passengers could almost touch the sidewalls on either side. Dick Freeman photo.

in 1878. The first map-makers spelled his name wrong, so it is now Pierce ferry. It is reached by a 53-mile desert road from U. S. highway 93, between Kingman and Boulder City. Later, in the office of Superintendent Guy D. Edwards of the Boulder dam recreational area, I saw elaborate plans for improvement of this beach and camp ground. At present, however, its only occupants are a CCC crew and the occasional campers who follow the rough winding road into this spot.

Grand Canyon-Boulder Dam Tours maintains a floating dock and supply depot here, also a dining room for Lake Mead excursionists. Because of the easy access to Grand Canyon from this point Pierce ferry will be a popular camp for fishermen and sightseers who will want to enter the upper lake region without expending the time and money necessary to make the boat trip from Boulder dam.

We stopped at the landing to refuel the boats. Most of the Sierrans made a quick change to bathing suits and spent the half hour frolicking in the water.

From Pierce ferry it was a 30-minute cruise around the next promontory to the cove where we were to camp. No one seemed to know the name of this cove—but there should be one, for two reasons. The first is that the Ground Sloth's cave is there. Entrance to the cave can be seen from the lake—just a tiny shadow in the limestone cliff less than a quarter of a mile from the edge of the water. The cave was discovered in 1936 by Willis Evans, Indian CCC foreman who was exploring the area for the park service. The other reason is that in September of the year 1939 a party of 133 Sierrans—most of them city-bred — spent two nights perched on the slopes of a hill so steep and rocky that each virtually had to build his own roost.

They camped there and thought it was a great lark—even when a sudden rainstorm blew in over the mountains before daybreak the second night and they had to break camp with drenched bedrolls and a cold breakfast.

The old Ground Sloth picked the only really habitable quarters in this neighborhood—and the door to his underground mansion was barred with steel.

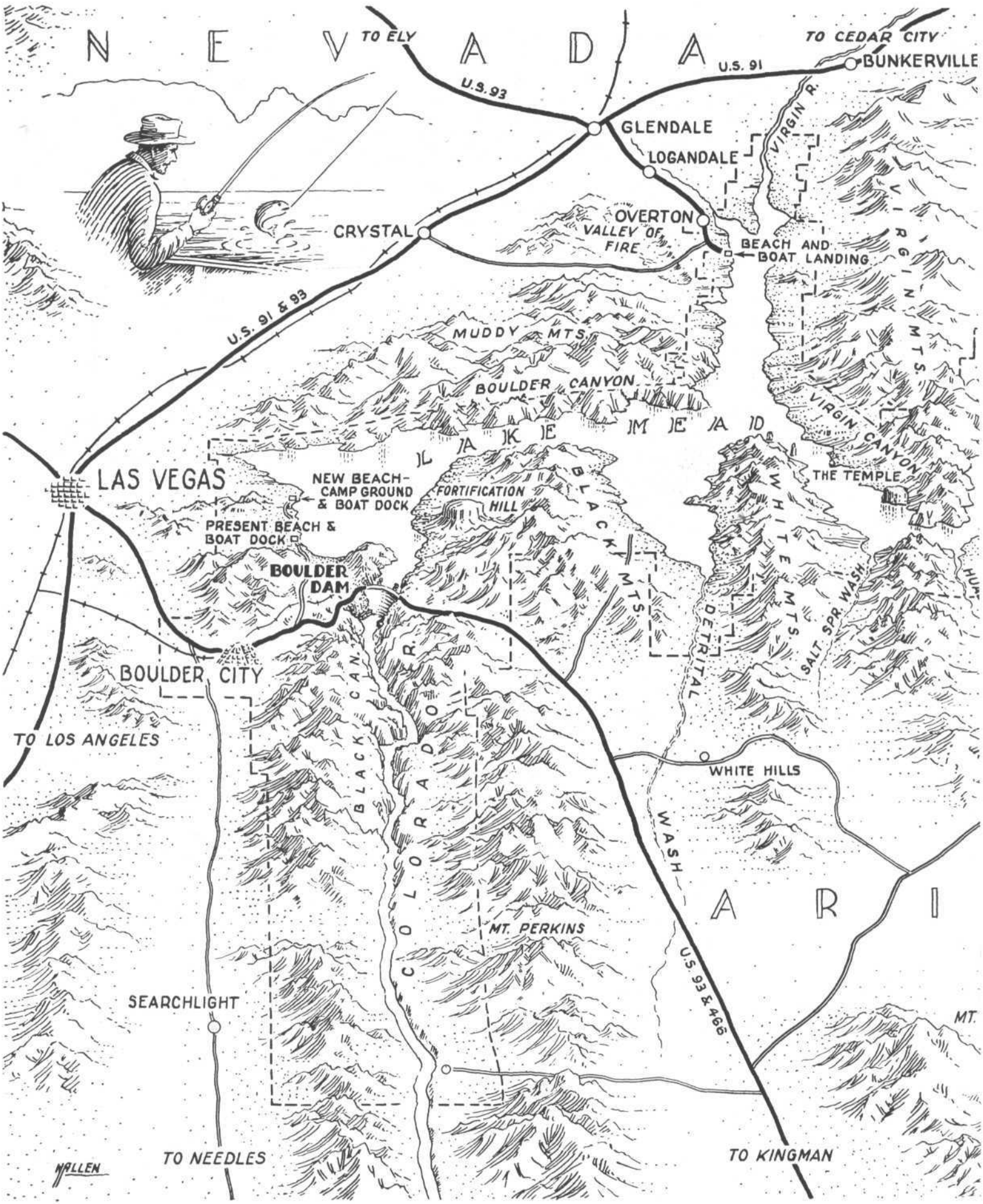
I found many old friends in this cove. I scooped out the rocks and curled my sleeping bag around the base of a greasewood. I draped my towel on an ephedra, hung my hat on a catsclaw and parked my shoes under a burroweed. Botanically, we were in the lower Sonoran life zone—among the same plants and shrubs that grow on our Colorado desert of Southern California.

There was driftwood on the lakeshore and that evening we had impromptu entertainment around a campfire. Carl Lehnert, chief park ranger at Boulder City, accompanied us on the trip and at the campfire program told us about the geology of the country, the plans of the park service for development of the recreational facilities here—and about the Sloth whose ancient home was in the cliff above us.

Among the other interesting speakers who took part in the outdoor program was Francis P. Farquhar of San Francisco, past president of the Sierra club, who gave a brief history of the organization from the time it was formed by John Muir and a little group of Californians to protect scenic California from private exploitation. True to the traditions of its founders, the club continues to be one of the most potent forces in California for the conservation of natural resources.

From out of their dunnage bags a few of the campers brought small portable stoves. But a majority of them cooked

Continued on page 24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U.S. 93
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BUNKERVILLE
GLENDALE
LOGANDALE
VIRGIN R.
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OVERTON
VALLEY OF FIRE
BEACH AND BOAT LANDING
CRYSTAL
U.S. 91 & 93
MUDDY MTS.
BOULDER CANYON
LAKE MEAD
VIRGIN CANYON
THE TEMPLE
LAS VEGAS
NEW BEACH-CAMP GROUND & BOAT DOCK
FORTIFICATION HILL
BLACK MTS.
WHITE MTS.
PRESENT BEACH & BOAT DOCK
BOULDER DAM
DETRITAL
SALT SPR. WASH
BOULDER CITY
BLACK CAN.
COLORADO R.
TO LOS ANGELES
WHITE HILLS
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SEARCHLIGHT
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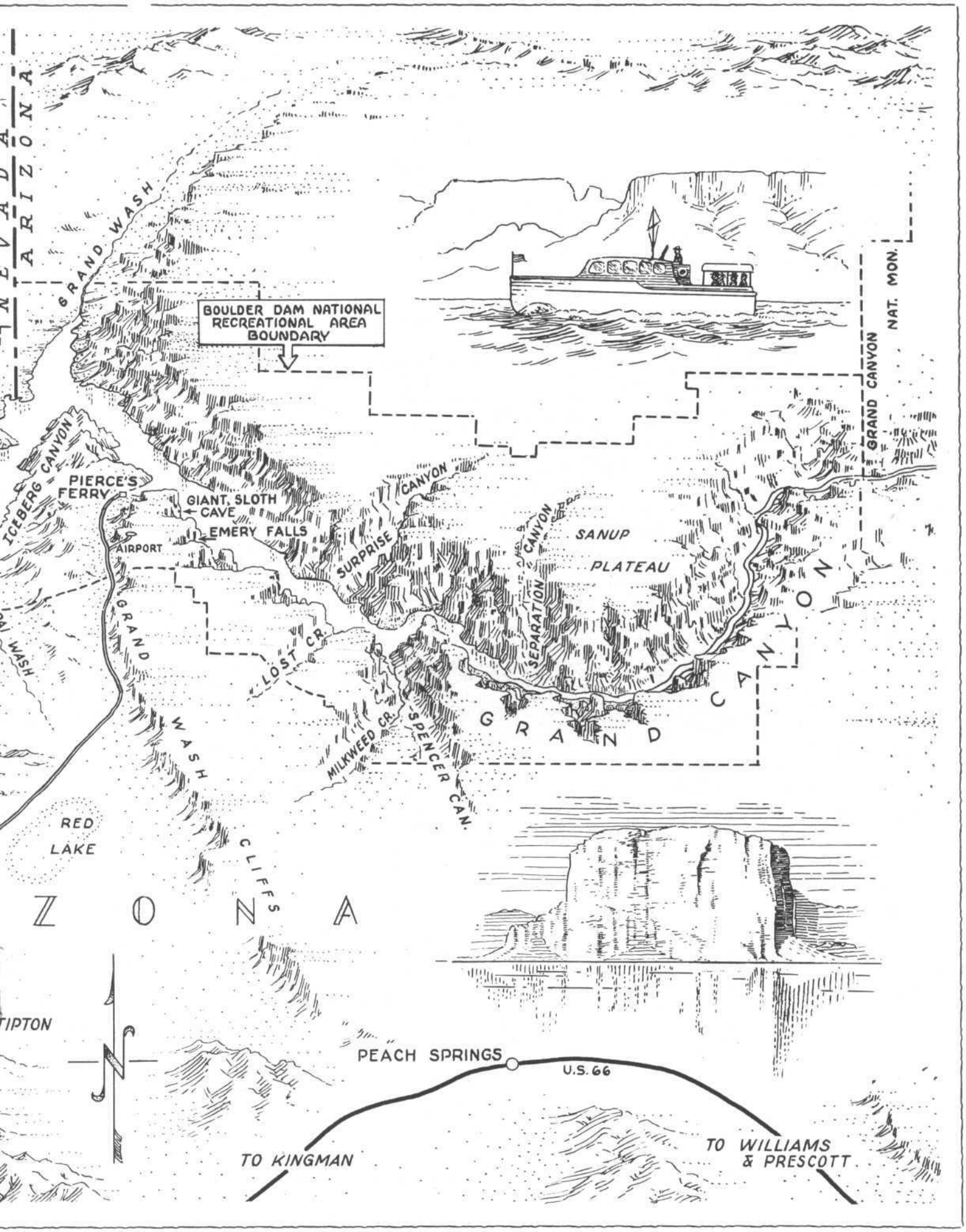
NEVADA
ARIZONA
GRAND WASH
BOULDER DAM NATIONAL RECREATIONAL AREA BOUNDARY
GRAND CANYON NAT. MON.
ICEBERG CANYON
PIERCE'S FERRY
GIANT SLOTH CAVE
EMERY FALLS
AIRPORT
SURPRISE CANYON
SEPARATION CANYON
SANUP PLATEAU
GRAND CANYON
LOST CR.
MILKWEED CR.
SPENCER CAN.
GRAND WASH
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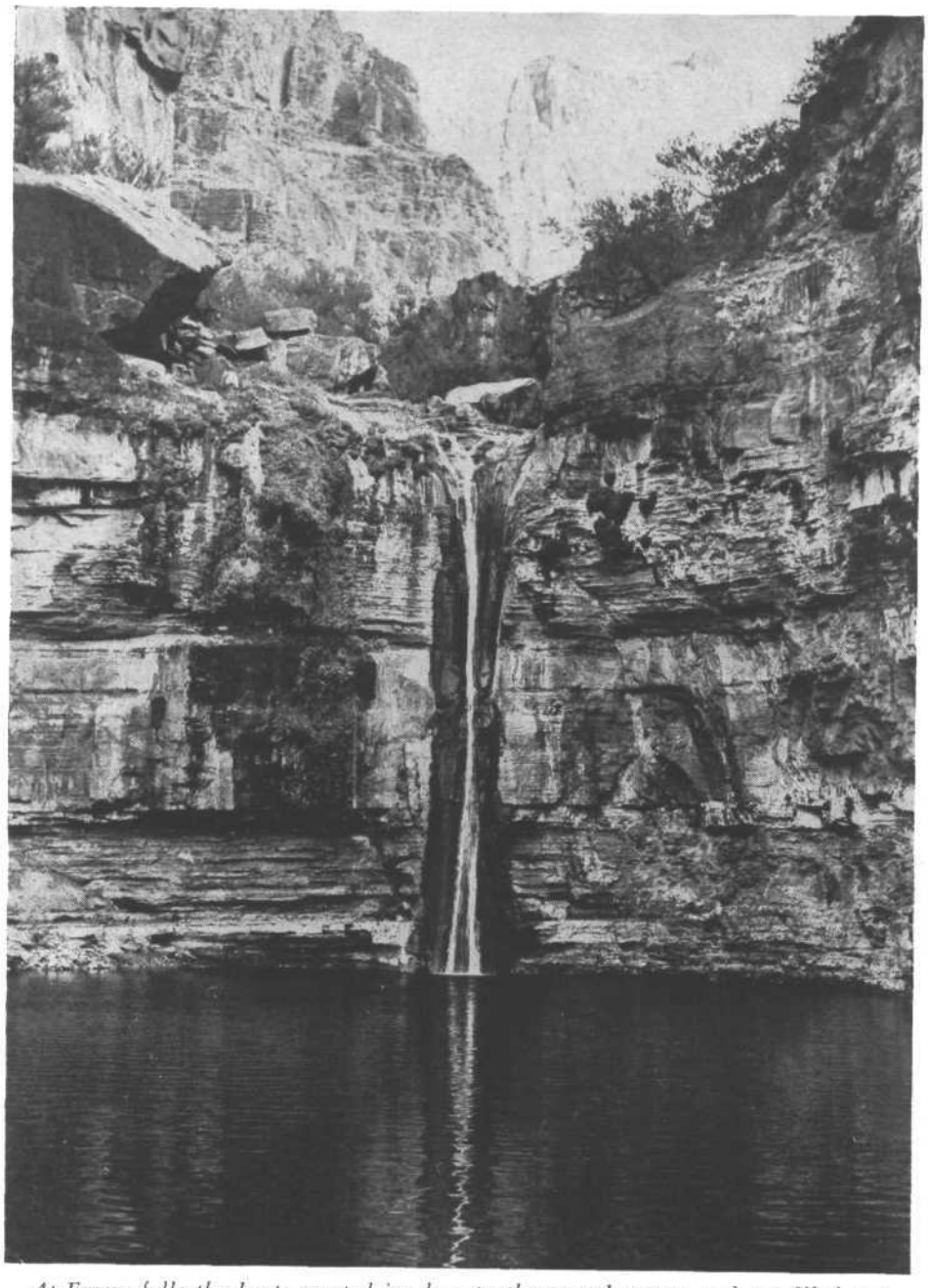
CLIFFS
RED LAKE
ZONA
TIPTON
PEACH SPRINGS
U.S. 66
TO KINGMAN
TO WILLIAMS & PRESCOTT



At Emery falls the boats coasted in close to the crystal stream and we filled our water cans with spring water. Desert Magazine photo.

Continued from page 21

their food between two boulders with a minimum of time and effort, and devoted their extra minutes to the business of preparing a two-by-six berth among the rocks.

Early next morning we shoved off for our adventure into Grand Canyon. We stopped at a pretty little cove where Emery falls pours over the cliff from an unseen source and drops 50 feet to the surface of the lake. There was a sparkling spring here and the pilots coasted in close so we could fill our water cans as easily as turning on the kitchen faucet.

From our campsite it was 35 miles to Separation rapids—the point where the lake ends and the river begins. I wouldn't attempt to describe the majesty of those 6000-foot cliffs which rose on either side of us. We humans thought our generation was pretty smart when some of our highly trained minds planned and built Boulder dam. We did a very fair job at that. But there are a thousand places in the architectural masterpiece Ol' Man Colorado created in the lower Grand Canyon where Boulder dam could be dropped in a crevasse and never missed.

We passed numerous tributary canyons and precipitous landmarks, a few of them with place names, a majority of them not on the maps. Most of the place names in Grand Canyon were given by the two Powell expeditions in 1869 and 1871. But Powell and his companions were more concerned about getting their boats through the roaring rapids of this wild river than in selecting names for the scenery along the way.

Today there is need for more names to identify the scenic landmarks of this region. Responsibility for supplying the names will fall probably on the park service and the board of geographic names. As long as the park service has a hand in it I think the job will be carefully done.

At noon our boats were moored to huge boulders a few hundred yards below the foaming torrent of Separation rapids. Most of the Sierrans went ashore and ate their lunches among the rocks. Some of the more adventurous scaled the walls and worked their way along the ledges to the rapids. Glen Dawson, one of the rock-climbing aces of the club, swam out into the stream at the place where the river meets the backwater of the lake, and paddled midstream down to the boats.

Separation rapids derives its name from a tragic incident in the first Powell expedition. Three of his party, for reasons that have been subject to much dispute among historians, left the party here, climbed to the top of the north rim, and a few days later were ambushed and killed by Ute Indians.

Colorado river navigators encountered some of their most hazardous boating along this section of the river. Following his trip downstream with a group of college boys in 1927, Clyde Eddy wrote that the rapids at the mouth of Spencer canyon—now covered by the lake—were almost as dangerous as Lava falls which he regarded as the most treacherous of all the rapids in the river.

As we approached the head of the lake there was a noticeable current in the water, and the clear blue of the coloring changed to a muddy brown. Small sandbars were visible along the edge of the lake in the upper canyon. Ol' Man river hasn't been completely tamed yet. He is pouring a million tons of silt into the new lake every 24 hours. That is something for future generations to worry about.

We returned that afternoon to our camp in the cove of our ancient friend the Ground Sloth. The rainstorm routed us out before daybreak — but it takes more than rain to dampen the spirits of a Sierra excursion.

Late in the afternoon of Labor Day we docked at the home port at Hemenway beach. We sailed back into a world that almost overnight had been plunged into gunfire and human slaughter. While we had been exploring the peaceful recesses of lower Grand Canyon, Hitler had been marching into Poland.

There is one consoling thought—the Grand Canyon will still be there in all its inspiring grandeur when Herr Hitler has strutted across his stage and gone back to dust.

After all, no phenomenon of the desert is more interesting than the people who dwell on it. They live in an environment where only the strong survive. That is true of human beings as well as the plant and animal life of the arid region. Here is the story of two pioneers who fit into their desert surroundings as naturally as the ocotillo that grows on their hillsides.

Campbells of Vallecitos Desert

By MARSHAL SOUTH

ONE day a party of motorists stopped at the ranch home of Lena and Everett Campbell in the Vallecitos desert of Southern California and jubilantly announced they had discovered a white ocotillo. "And we marked the place so we could come back and get it later," they boasted.

Now white ocotillo, for the information of those who do not know, is exceedingly rare in the desert Southwest. There are millions of ocotillos with red blossoms, but those with white flowers are almost as hard to find as legendary lost gold mines. Except when they are in blossom the red and white flowering plants look exactly alike.

It was not news to the Campbells that a white ocotillo grew on the desert a few miles from their ranch house. They had discovered it years before, and guarded the secret of its location carefully. To them it was almost a sacred shrine—and the thought that the rarest plant in their desert garden had been found by people so thoughtless as to suggest removing it, was depressing indeed.

They said nothing, but the next day Mr. and Mrs. Campbell rode down the valley to visit their pet shrub. Sure enough, a stone marker had been erected beside the white flowering ocotillo.

Carefully, stone by stone, they moved the marker to another ocotillo, a similar one of the common red variety some distance away. And then they smoothed the sand to hide their footprints.

Several weeks later, after the flowering season had passed, they visited the spot again. Some one had been there with a truck and dug the marked ocotillo out of the ground and removed it, roots and all. But the white ocotillo was safe.

Everett and Lena Campbell are that kind of people. The desert is their home. They know about the struggle for existence in the land of little water. They have been through it themselves.

Located in one of the wildest and most colorful sections of the desert—a region steeped in the atmosphere of the old overland stage days—they fit their surroundings perfectly. True pioneers of the old West, they and their ranch home nestling in a green oasis at the foot of savage desert mountains have become a legend and a landmark.

A well graded road leads over the hills to the Campbell ranch. Dynamite and tractors have torn out the side of the mountain and provided easy access to their little oasis. But it was not that way when they came to Vallecitos valley. In the early days Everett Campbell and his wife and daughter

Lena and Everett Campbell—as much a part of the desert as the ocotillo in front of which they are standing.

followed a winding, narrow, perilous grade, a rocky trail gouged out of the side of a precipitous slope.

There is a history to that old grade. Cars have gone over the brink of it, crashing down into the rocks.

It was on that grade that Lena Campbell, one wild, snowing winter night, driving home with her husband from Julian, where she had taken him to get a broken leg set, saw car tracks in the snow—*car tracks that went over the edge into space.* She stopped her car and set the brakes and chocked the wheels with stones as an extra precaution. Then she climbed over the edge and down through the dark, over boulders and cholla. There was a wrecked machine down there, and an old neighbor dead beneath it. Lena Campbell took her injured husband home, and when she had settled him in bed, drove back alone up that grade through the wind and storm all the way to Julian to notify the coroner. "The trail *did* look awfully narrow, that night," she admits. "But of course I had to go. There wasn't anyone else."

And it was over that grade and the lonely road beyond, that for a long period Everett Campbell's young daughter, Orva, used to bounce in a ramshackle old Ford, on her daily trips to school.

The ranch house lies under the lift of the barren mountains, a scant quarter of a mile from the thread of road where, on dark desert nights, if you are imaginative, you can hear the ghostly teams and creaking coaches of the old Butterfield stage go by again on the wind. The house today is big and rambling and western, with Navajo rugs, Indian baskets and

deerskin stools keeping company with oil paintings and massive, carefully selected modern furniture.

The original house the Campbells built years ago, when they cleared the creosote and mescal of the virgin desert for its foundations, has been added to several times since. But the great cottonwoods which shadow it with rustling green are the same trees Lena Campbell and her pioneer father, the late George McCain, planted back in the ranch's beginnings. There is grass beneath those trees and cool shadows. And as you pass up the wide path, bordered with Indian mortars and relics and weird desert rocks, you catch the pleasant sound of running water.

There is peace and welcome here—the peace and welcome atmosphere of all that was best in the old West of 50 years ago. Sunlight strikes patterns across the big screened porch, and the gracious lady who comes with smiling welcome to greet you is part of the gracious atmosphere. Gunfighters and senators, cowboys and governors, famous artists and weary desert derelicts—all have known the peace of the Campbell ranch porch and the hearty straightforwardness of an old time western welcome. "You can't judge a man by his clothes or his pocketbook," Everett Campbell says bluntly. "You've got to treat him according to what he really is—and if he needs help."

". . . if he needs help." There, in those words perhaps, as in no others, you have the key to the Everett Campbells. They are no "easy marks"—no one who has fought the desert for the years that the Campbells have is likely to be an easy mark for schemers. But you will not hear of a case or a time when genuine misfortune ever called in vain for aid at this western ranch. It may be an Army flier, driven to a forced landing in the desert wastes; it may be a starving "bum" who has lost his way. To one, as to the other, goes the helping hand in the unfaltering code. It is a strict code and just. For 20 years Everett Campbell carried a sheriff's star; he carries a star today. And if need be, the eyes that are swift to soften with sympathy at real misfortune, can grow hard as steel.

But these are sidelights. The business of the Campbells is cattle raising. It is a romantic enough job, even in hard actuality. But it is also hard work. Everett and Lena have not been afraid of work. Their ranch is a monument to their industry.

It all looks simple perhaps. The casual visitor, unaccustomed to the desert, is apt to take a great many things for granted. As he drives past the big, tree-shaded reservoir on his way down to the ranch house he may admire the cool glint of the water, ruffled perhaps by the hasty flight of the wild ducks that find there a protected refuge. But he cannot know the amount of courage and hard work that went into the bringing of that water there. It comes from Mason valley—brought from the other side of the mountain in a line of ditch and by a pipe line that Everett Campbell built.

It cost them $10,000 to put that 10-inch pipe and its constantly flowing stream into that big earth reservoir. In addition there was the hard work. "Packing the cement up the side of the mountain was one of the hard jobs of building that ditch," Everett Campbell told me once when he was in a reminiscent mood. "For a long while we packed it up on our backs. Then we got a burro. After that it went a bit easier."

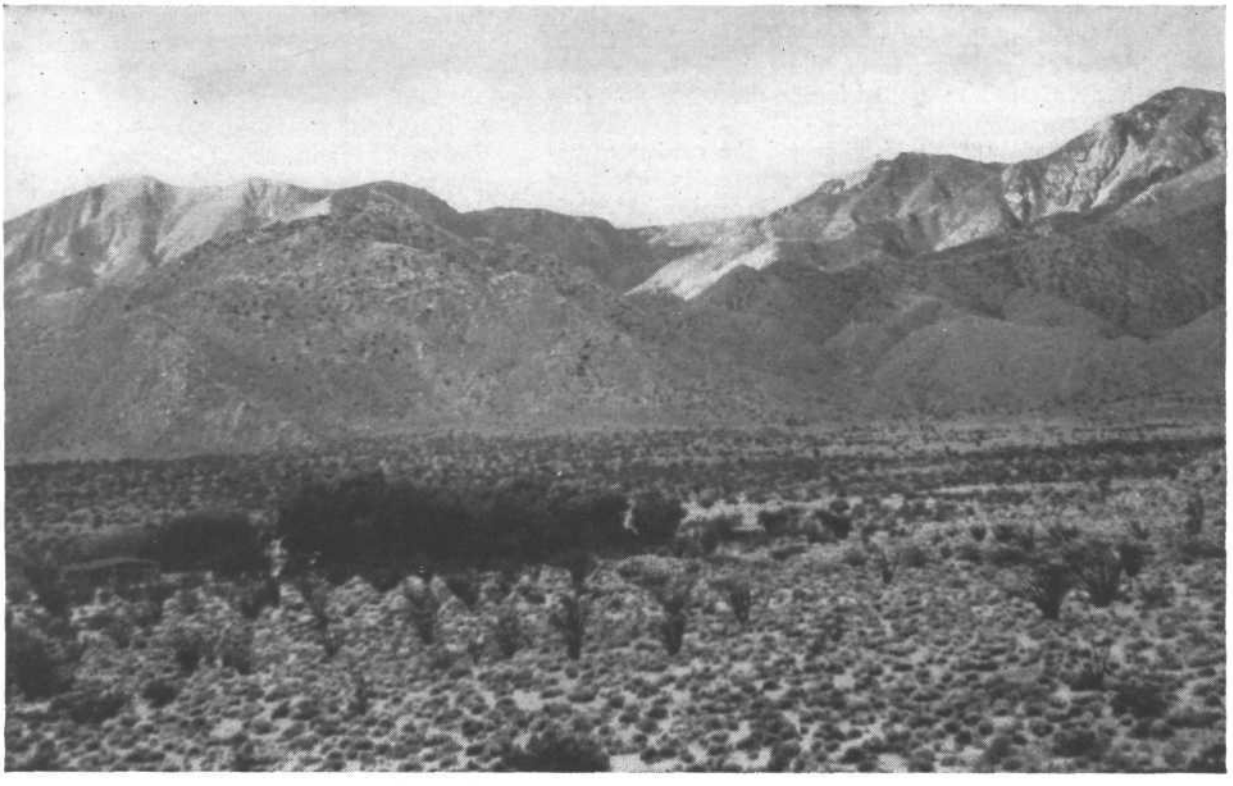
What water means in the desert and what it will do, is demonstrated in the lush alfalfa fields, dotted with sleek, grazing cattle, below the reservoir.

There are no stores to run to. The Campbells have had to rely on their own efforts and be their own mechanics. If ironwork is needed or if machinery breaks Everett Campbell rolls up his sleeves and lights up the forge in the smith shop.

A broken wheel on an automobile would dismay most women. Not so Lena Campbell. It happened one day when she and her daughter, Orva, were driving to town. They were going to a party. That was in the days of the old road. In the fierce, heat-reflecting Box canyon section they had the bad luck to become trapped in the deep sand of a wash. That might have been bad enough; but in their maneuvering to get out of the sand one of the front wheels crumpled. "We had just lurched free from the sand, too, when it broke," Lena Campbell said as she told the story casually. "It was too bad."

"But what did you do?" I asked. I had lively recollections of that lonely, scorching stretch of the old road.

"Oh, of course we had to fix it. We just jacked up the wheel and put it together and lashed a couple of tough pieces



Campbell oasis in the Vallecitos desert

of ocotillo on with wire to strengthen the broken spokes. It wabbled. But it took us back to the ranch."

"And the party was off," I condoled.

"Oh no," she said. "We weren't going to miss *that*. Orva had set her heart on it. We just piled out of the car and grabbed the little ranch work truck and started for town. We startled Everett I guess. He was riding in from the range when we rushed by him on the truck. We hadn't time to stop and explain. We just waved. But we were at the party on time."

Everett Campbell is an expert horseman. Today however he doesn't go out of his way to break wild horses just for the love of it, as he once did. A man of exceptional knowledge and wide reading, he keeps abreast of all that is going on in the world, and especially in the cattle business. He brought Brahma bulls out to the desert and developed a cross with the Hereford that produces a hardy breed of cattle of superior beef quality.

The Campbell cattle brand is the swastika—the sign that was ancient long before the Indian association with it. Campbell smiles about that. "My friends come out here sometimes and look at my cattle brand and think I stole the idea from Hitler," he chuckles. "Why, I was branding my cattle that way years before I ever heard of Hitler. The swastika is one of the most ancient symbols in the world. It's pretty near as old as human history, I guess."

Through his efforts the big ranch is now a game refuge, under the protection of the fish and game commission. Here many state-raised game birds have been liberated for the purpose of breeding and of re-stocking other areas. In the soft desert evenings when the jagged mountain peaks are rosy in the glow of the sinking sun and shadows lie across the valley it is a pleasant sight to see the quail, with their broods, drifting in to water.

And Everett Campbell has been a conservationist in other things. It was he who saved from destruction by vandals the ancient timbers of the old Vallecitos stage station, during the years when the historic ruin was at the mercy of "treasure" hunters and the unscrupulous. It was natural, therefore, that when the county of San Diego decided to take steps to restore the landmark they chose Everett Campbell to supervise the work. The old stage station, as it stands today restored in every faithful detail, is a permanent monument to Everett Campbell's ability and to his sincere interest in his desert and its history.

Everett Campbell was born at Las Animas, Bent county, Colorado, May 11, 1886, and most of his youth was spent in that state. A lover of the outdoors from the first he crossed the plains with the last of the great trail herds and at 18 was holding down the difficult job of foreman of cattle outfits. Educated as a chemist, the lure of the outdoors drew him back into the cattle and stock business. A project of shipping horses from Colorado to San Diego resulted in his settling in the southland. Here, in 1905, on Las Viejas ranch, one of the properties of the late George McCain, he met and married Miss Lena McCain. The young couple subsequently moved to Imperial valley where Everett Campbell spent five years with the Imperial irrigation district. He returned to San Diego in 1914 to become associated with Arthur W. Savage in the San Diego plant of the Savage tire company.

The lure of the outdoors was not to be denied however; the stock business was in Everett Campbell's blood. Some years previously, while on a trip with George McCain, he had been impressed with the Vallecitos section. There, at one point, was the possibility of developing water. It was a dream which persisted in his mind—a dream which his wife shared also. The idea eventually grew so strong that contrary to the advice of his business associates, Campbell resigned his

Continued on page 39

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HUNTING GEMS . . .

Continued from page 17

outline and hear him sniffing around the camp for morsels of food.

I crawled out of my sleeping bag and got some bread from the grub box. I scattered the broken pieces about the camp and made a trail of them to the head of my bed. In less than 10 minutes the little fox was back having a feast. He came so close I could have touched him. When I finally rose on one elbow to see him better he pricked up his ears like a small dog but stood there and stared back at me as calmly as if he were accustomed to visiting with human beings.

It would be a pity to destroy the faith of these little animals by discharging firearms in the vicinity. Such game as hunters could shoot legally is not plentiful enough to make this a good hunting area. There are a few sheep here, but the animals rarely are seen by humans. I have run across fresh tracks frequently, however.

As we drove back over the trail Elmo Proctor asked me if there had been any evidence of vandalism following the publication of the field trips I have been mapping in past months for the Desert Magazine. I was glad to assure him that I had checked back on a number of the areas to see if picnic rubbish had been left uncovered or initials carved in trees or rocks—and that in no instance had the visitors abused the privileges extended to them through the pages of the magazine.

Mother Proctor was waiting for us with an eager interest in the details of our day's exploration. The Proctors are not wealthy—but they have lived a full life out here in the Cronise valley. They have raised a large family and have faced all the hardships of the desert frontier—and through it all have retained a fine sense of humor and a passionate love for the fierce wild beauty of the arid land in which they live.

Elmo spends many of his leisure hours prospecting the hills and collecting mineral specimens. All he has to show for it is a pretty cabinet of rocks and an intimate knowledge of the desert—but he feels well repaid.

One of the outstanding items in his collection is his famous musical geode. It is about the size and shape of a medium sized watermelon and is a perfect specimen. When he tips the geode at the right angle there is a distinct musical tinkle within. This probably is due to the falling of a small thread of chalcedony which has become detached and strikes other pieces of the material as it drops. It is a unique specimen.

For pets the Proctor children have a chipmunk and a desert tortoise. They had a burro until the little animal misjudged the speed of a careless motorist. The first real desert Christmas tree I ever saw was in the Proctor home. It was a greasewood decorated with homemade ornaments. I am sure that it meant far more to the little Proctors than the glittering shop-made products that fill the homes of the rich at Christmas time.

Last year Ethel and Mary were far away in a strange city attending school when Christmas came. One who has never lived on the desert cannot know the joy they felt when they received from their parents a bouquet of desert holly and fragrant greasewood accompanied by Lois Elder Steiner's poem, "Christmas on the Desert," which had been taken from the Desert Magazine.

As we spent the evening sorting over the stones we had collected the girls were telling their mother about the day's adventures. I could not help but compare the pleasure and contentment of this home where its occupants have really learned to *live* on the desert, with other desert homes I have known which were occupied by people who merely were *staying* on the desert.

TRUE OR FALSE

Here's another brain-exerciser for the folks who pride themselves on their knowledge of the great American desert. This test includes a wide range of subjects — geography, history, botany, zoology, mineralogy and the lore of the desert country. If you give 10 correct answers you are a well informed student of the desert. A score of 15 entitles you to write the degree D. R. (Desert Rat) after your name, and if you exceed 15 your rating is S. D. S.—Sand Dune Sage. Answers are on page 34.

1—Prairie dogs, ground owls and rattlesnakes often live together in the same hole. True..... False.....

2—Prospectors have been known to locate hidden springs by following the course of wild bees in flight. True..... False.....

3—Arizona is a larger state in area than New Mexico. True..... False.....

4—The Butterfield stage line in Southern California was routed through San Gorgonio pass. True..... False.....

5—Mangus Colorado was a famous Navajo Indian chief. True..... False.....

6—Cholla belongs to the Opuntia group of cacti. True..... False.....

7—Major William Powell, first white man of record to navigate the Grand Canyon had but one arm. True..... False.....

8—The famous old Fortuna mine in Arizona is located in Maricopa county. True..... False.....

9—The native Washingtonia palm of the desert was named in honor of George Washington. True..... False.....

10—Hopi children are taught that their ancestors came from caverns in the center of the earth. True..... False.....

11—Sangre de Cristo mountains are located in Utah. True..... False.....

12—The famous Mormon battalion was organized in Salt Lake City. True..... False.....

13—Turkeys were first brought to the Southwest by the Spaniards. True..... False.....

14—Highest peak in Arizona is in the San Francisco mountains. True..... False.....

15—Turquoise mines in Nevada were worked by the Indians before the white man came to America. True..... False.....

16—The bahos used by some of the Indian tribes are musical instruments. True..... False.....

17—The book Wonders of the Colorado Desert was written by George Wharton James. True..... False.....

18—There is evidence that Indians once lived on the Enchanted Mesa of New Mexico. True..... False.....

19—Chuckawalla lizard makes its home in burrows in the sand. True..... False.....

20—Obsidian often goes by the name of volcanic glass. True..... False.....

Writers of the Desert . . .

This month the Desert Magazine presents two outstanding Arizonans. One is SHARLOT M. HALL, and the other is DR. FRANK C. LOCKWOOD who wrote a brief biography of Miss Hall for this number of the magazine. It would be difficult to say which has contributed more to the fame of the Saguaro state, Miss Sharlot, or her biographer. The written words of both of them are known wherever the English language is spoken.

Dr. Lockwood was born at Mt. Erie, Illinois, May 22, 1864. He won his bachelor's degree at Baker university, his master's degree at Wesleyan, and was made a doctor of philosophy at Northwestern in 1896.

He was head of the English department at Allegheny college 14 years, spent 1909 and 1910 at Oxford, and came to the university of Arizona at Tucson in 1916. Although he was 53 when United States entered the World War, he spent a year in service overseas. Today he is dean of the college of letters, arts and sciences at U. of A.

Dr. Lockwood has been an intensive student of Arizona history during his 23 years on the desert—and was one of the companions selected by Dr. Herbert Bolton in 1928 when the California historian was tracing the route of the old Anza trail from Tubac to Yuma.

His books include a wide range of subjects, "Browning's Philosophy of Life," "Arizona Characters," "Tucson — the Old Pueblo," "Pioneer Days in Arizona," "Apache Indians," "The Old English Coffee House," and a number of others. The manuscript of his latest book, "More Arizona Characters," went to the publishers early in November.

For recreation Dr. Lockwood rides horseback, and explores the desert region in search of ancient landmarks. There will be more of Dr. Lockwood's stories in future issues of the Desert Magazine.

• • •

MARY BEAL has been studying desert flowers and shrubs for nearly 20 years, and now she is going to write about them for readers of the Desert Magazine. Her first story about the Agaves, in this issue, will be followed in the January number with an article about one of the desert's best known trees —the Mesquite. In following months many species of rare and common plants will be presented.

Miss Beal is a native of Illinois, but moved with her parents to Riverside, California, in 1900. From 1906 to 1910 she was engaged in library work. Then, following an attack of pneumonia the doctors urged her to go to the desert. Since then she has made her home at the Judge Van Dyke ranch near Daggett in the Mojave desert. Occasionally she returns to her old home at Riverside, but most of her time is spent on the Mojave where her recreation is botanizing. She has made friends with just about everything that grows on the desert.

• • •

Among readers who are interested in the desert, the Saturday Evening Post feature entitled "Desert Refuge" which appeared about a year ago, attracted widespread comment. The story was written by MARSHAL SOUTH. It was an intimate chapter out of his own life—the story of how he and his wife, both writers, had reached the end of their financial resources during the early days of the economic depression and had gone out into the desert wilderness to establish a new home.

They loaded their few belonging in their old car and turned their backs on the coast city where they had lived. They followed a faint trail that led to the base of one of the mountains along the western rim of the Colorado desert of Southern California. If the Indians could live off the desert, so could they—and so they established a camp among the juniper and Agave on the top of the mountain. At first they had only canvas for shelter, and it was necessary to carry their water up the steep rocky slopes from a spring at the base of this mountain.

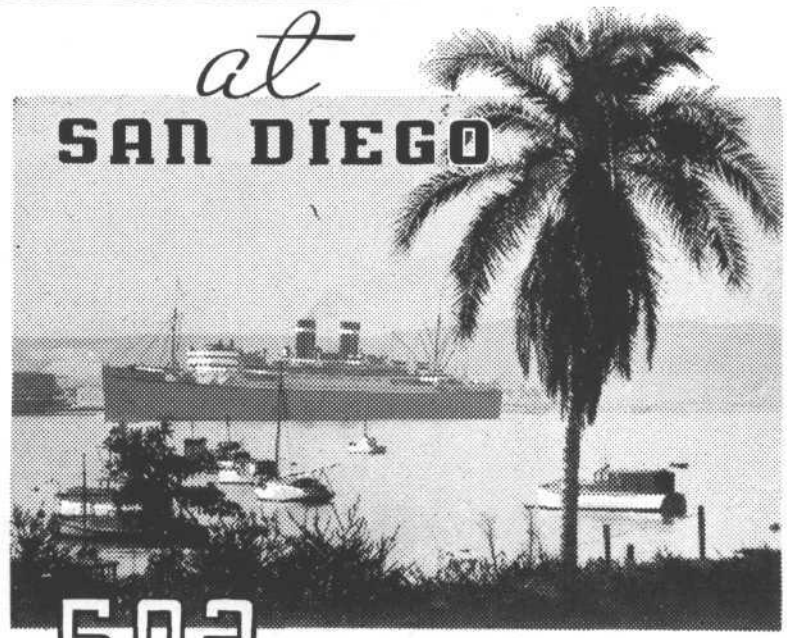
They are living there today—but now they have a cozy cabin—every pound of cement and wood and metal carried to the top on their backs. But they found independence and health and the hard discipline of their existence brought them happiness. Yaquitepec they call their mountain retreat — and the location is known only to their most intimate friends. They prefer it that way.

This briefly, is the background of MARSHAL SOUTH, whose story about the Campbells of Vallecitos appears in this issue of the Desert Magazine.

Marshal has promised there will be more stories from Yaquitepec for Desert Magazine readers in the future. Material from a writer who lives as close to the real desert as Marshal South will be welcomed by the editors.

• • •

ARTHUR L. EATON who is writing and compiling the material for the Desert Magazine's new department for gem and mineral hobbyists is an instructor in the high school at Holtville, California. He not only has been a life-long collector of semi-precious gem stones, but has done extensive archaeological work in Mexico where he spends many of his summer vacations. Mrs. Eaton, who is also a collector and lapidarist, is assisting him in his magazine work.



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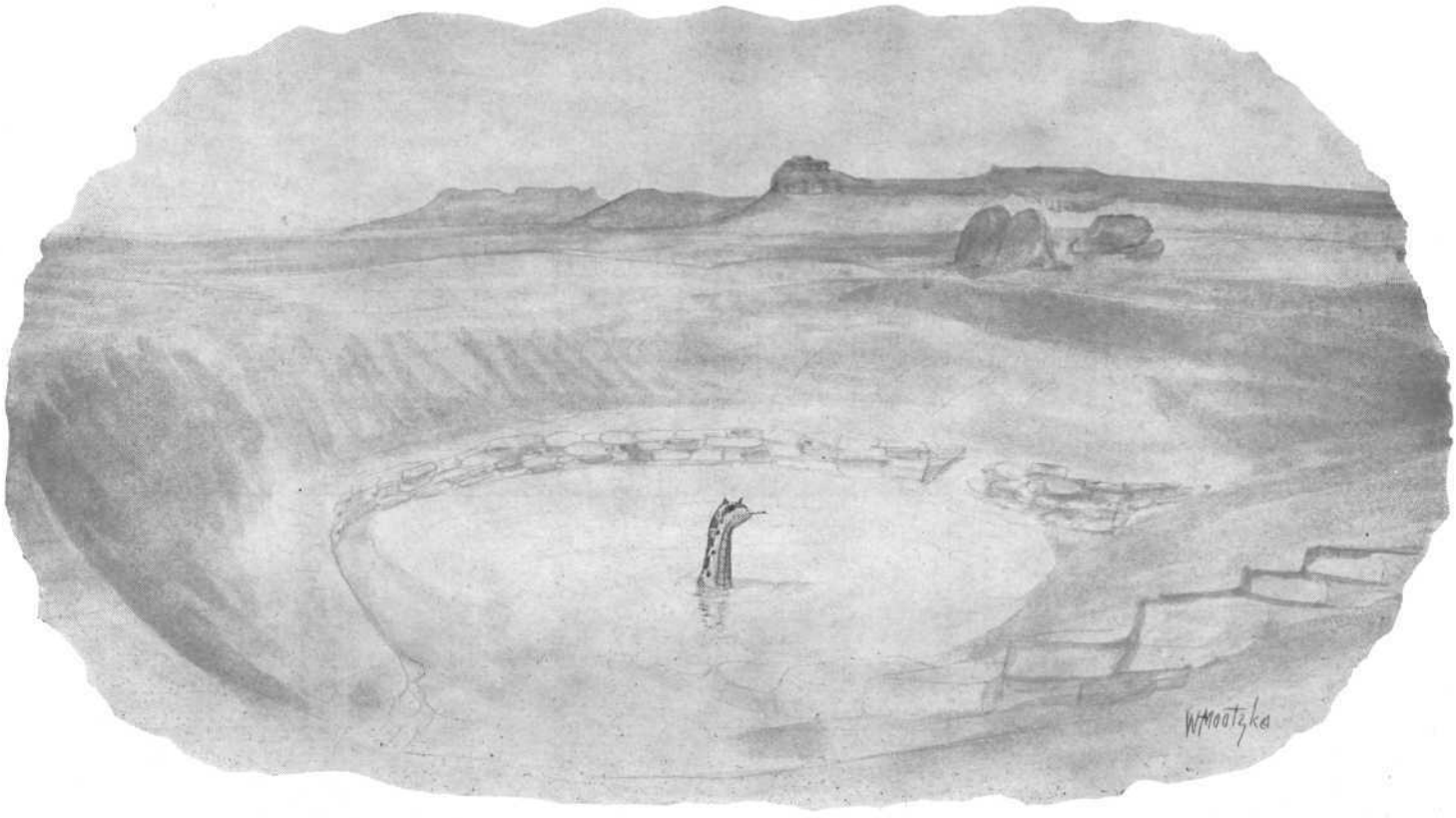


Story of the Great Water Serpent

(A Hopi Legend)

As told to HARRY C. JAMES

Illustration by W. Mootzka, Hopi artist

A long time after the Hopi people had left the place of their friend Skeleton, they wandered here and there indefinitely. One group of the divided Water Clan lived for many years at a place southeast of Flagstaff where there are yet to be seen many old ruins of their villages.

Things were not well with the people, however. The young men had no respect for the old men and many of the chiefs thought more of themselves than they did of their people. The village chief and his son were both wicked sorcerers.

One day this chief prepared four Katchina masks and these the young man put on, one over the other. At night he stealthily set out from the village and set fire to the forests around. He did this for several nights until the people were sure that a ghost of some kind was haunting the village and they determined to catch him.

One night a young man of the village kept watch by a trail leading down to the water and, seeing this strange masked person hurrying back to the village, he grabbed him and called the people to help him. The Crier Chief summoned the whole village. When all the people had arrived, they cut the strings of the first mask only to find another mask underneath. They removed this to find still another mask. Great was the surprise of the people when the last mask was removed to find the ghost to be none other than the chief's son. They felt sure then that evil days were upon them and that much trouble would be theirs for days to come.

The Chief's son handed the people some *bahos*, saying: "Plant one of these in the ground at the dance plaza and then plant the others throughout the houses of the village. Then let us have a feast for four days."

The people were worried but they did as he told them and for four days they feasted, — but without joy, for they expected each day to be their last. When the fourth day passed without trouble they were greatly relieved.

In fact, three whole years passed before the bad magic of the chief and his son began to take effect. In the fourth year an old man, a friend of the wicked chief, made some *bahos* of hard wood and commanded that all the people should again feast for four days, but this time the people refused. They felt sure now that these chiefs were bad.

That night the bad chiefs met with the old man. They sang magic songs and painted the old man's body with magic colors. His chest they painted red, his back black, and the rest of his body green. They decorated the back of his head with the tail feathers of a sparrow hawk. On the top of his head they fastened a horn and his face was also painted black. He represented the great Water Serpent.

They then stole out of their kiva and went to the center of the plaza where they dug a deep hole in which they hid the old man. They placed all his *bahos* in his arms and then covered him up carefully, placing a flagstone on top so that he was indeed completely concealed. Then they sang some of their magic songs until they heard deep rumblings from down in the earth. By this time they knew they had accomplished their mission and they went home.

The next morning when the people awoke they found half of the hand of the old man thrust up above the ground.

As they gathered around, he, deep in the ground, began to sing a magic song and bent down his little finger.

And the next morning when the people gathered around the fateful hand, the old man sang the same song again, but this time he bent down the next finger. But the day he bent down the third finger, to their horror the people found that everywhere they had placed the *bahos* given to them by the chief's son four years before, water was beginning to come out of the ground. The *bahos* had really been water serpents which had now entered the earth and were bringing up water from the depths.

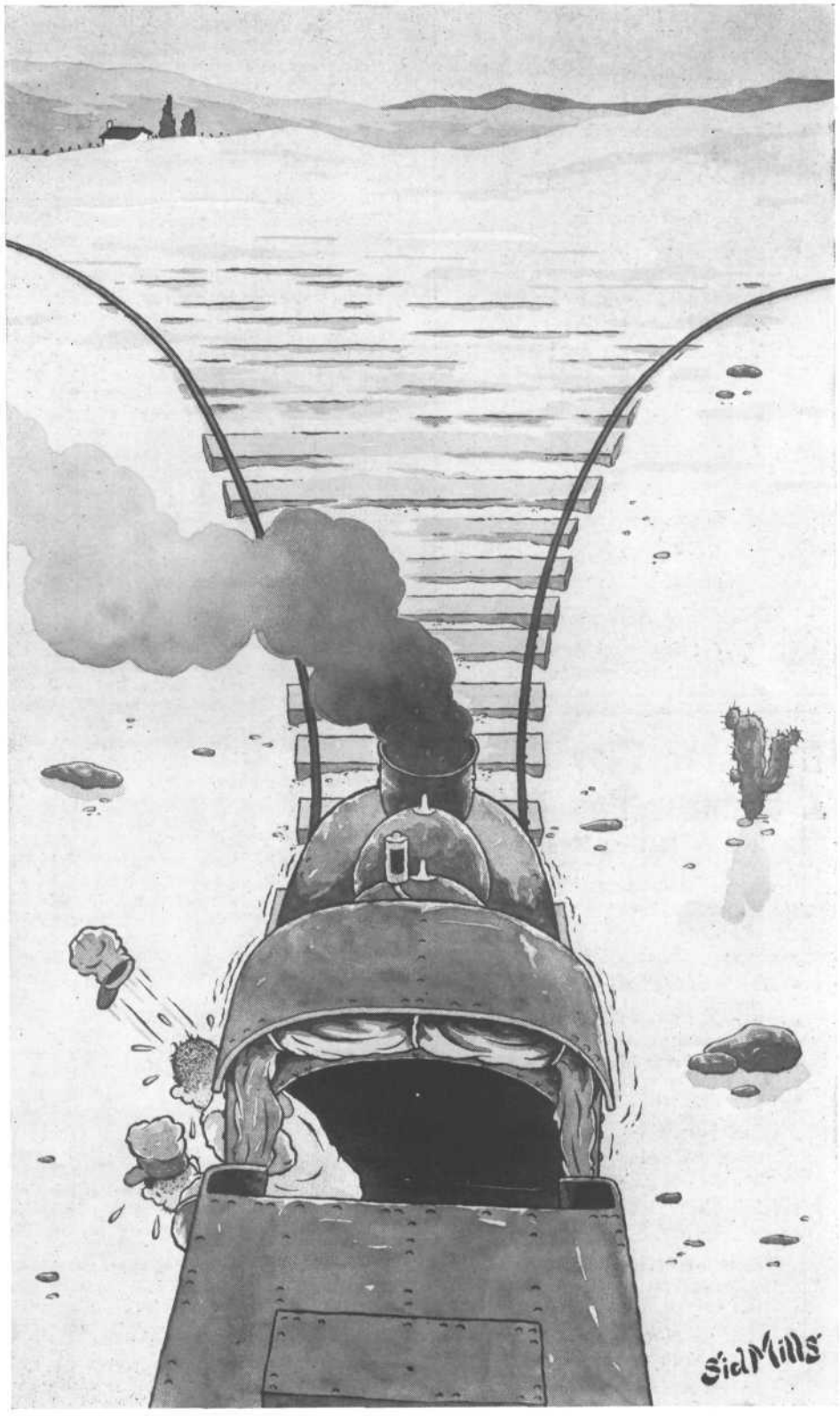
On the fourth day the old man lowered his last finger and immediately he sprang from the ground in the form of a huge water serpent. At the same time, serpents began shooting from the ground with streams of water all over the village. Water ran everywhere. The people realized that the village was doomed. Walls began to crumble, crushing people as they fell. The crash of the falling houses was like thunder. The people seized what belongings and food they could and sought refuge on a high cliff on the east side of the village. In one house a number of old men gathered. As the water rose higher and higher, they climbed upon a shelf where they crouched against the ceiling. Here they were turned into turkeys and the water continued to rise until their turkey tails hung down into it.

So great was the destruction that the bad chiefs were frightened into being good. They called a council to see what they could do to help save the people. This time they made good *bahos*. They took beads and turquoise which they ground into powder, and this they moulded into two balls which they placed on a flat basket. They then summoned the chief's son, the young man who had started all the trouble, and also his sister, a very beauitful maiden. These two were to drive back the Water Serpents.

The great Water Serpent that had been the old man was still standing in the middle of the plaza. The young man took a great number of *bahos*, the good ones, and his sister took the basket with the two balls of ground-up beads and turquoise. Picking each footstep in the swirling water carefully, they waded out to the great Water Serpent. As soon as the young man got to the creature, he threw his arms around him and struggled with him to force him back into the water. As it did so, he and his sister both sank out of sight beneath the waters, too.

Immediately the waters began to recede, but the village was destroyed. The old men who had been turned into turkeys had all been so old that they were bald, turkeys to this day have no feathers on their heads.

There was mud everywhere and so the people decided to move. They baked some piki, as we call our paper-like Hopi bread, and cooked some other things in preparation for leaving. As they left the old village, some of the chiefs placed some food on an altar as an offering. These chiefs had been punished. They no longer had two hearts, one good and one bad — they would now work only for their people.



Don't worry, Bill, maybe it's only one of them mirages.

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Desert Place Names

For the historical data contained in this department the Desert Magazine is indebted to the research work done by the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names;" to Betty Toulouse of New Mexico, to Margaret Hussmann of Nevada and Hugh F. O'Neil of Utah.

ARIZONA

CONCHO (con cho) village and creek
Apache county

Sp. "a shell." This Mexican hamlet is about 16 miles west of St. Johns on Concho creek. Because the little valley resembled a shell, it was so named in 1865 by first settlers from the Rio Grande in New Mexico. In 1879, Mormons under B. H. Wilhelm moved into the upper end of the valley and located about a mile from the earlier settlement. A church was organized September 20, 1880 and the place was named Erastus, after Erastus Snow, then president of the Snowflake conference. At a church meeting held in St. Johns in December 1895 this name was abandoned and Concho was accepted as the name for both places. Postoffice was established March 21, 1890, Leandro Ortega postmaster. Children of the Concho schools for years have received a Christmas treat of candy provided by a fund left by Mrs. Stanton, former teacher here (1892-99). Under terms of Mrs. Stanton's will the fund was invested, interest therefrom used to buy the candy. She was also a teacher at the little town of Gisela which she named.

• • •

CALIFORNIA

FRINK SPRINGS Imperial county

About a mile and a half north of Frink station on the Southern Pacific rr main line near the southern end of Salton sea. Takes its name from the firm of L. A. Frink & Co., which started a stage line over the "gold road" between San Bernardino and La Paz placers on the Colorado river in September 1863. In recent years a gravel deposit in the neighborhood of Frink Springs was operated. Deer from the Chocolate mountains water here and at nearby Burnt Springs and desert quail are found there. Route of Coachella branch of the All-American canal is not far away, and in the winter of 1939 big excavating machines are digging giant irrigation canal in this vicinity. Near here a trailer camp occupied by canal workers has been set up, within sight of the place where the stage drivers used to stop to give a drink to thirsty horses.

AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS
San Diego county

Sp. "hot water." At the northeast corner of the Laguna mountains, about three-quarters of a mile off the main road from Vallecitos to Carrizo. There is a cabin on the hillside near one of at least six springs, all of which flow out of residual or detrital granitic soil at the base of the mountains. The water forms small streams which disappear quickly in the gravelly ground. Below the springs there is considerable shallow ground water, giving moisture to a rank growth of mesquite and grass over an area of about 40 acres. Quality of the water is good. Some of it has noticeably sulphurous odor, and one spring yields water having a temperature of about 90 degrees. A rock about 25 feet high in the center of the valley below the cabin is of soft white material, originally granite, but now so soft it crumbles in the hands.

NEVADA

CARSON VALLEY Douglas county

Named for Kit Carson, credited traditionally with being first white man to see the valley. (See Desert Magazine Place Names CARSON CITY, Ormsby county, Sept. 1938 p23). In 1843 General Fremont, it is said, followed Carson to where Walley's springs resort stands and he then named valley and river in honor of Carson, who was his guide. During his expedition of 1845, Fremont once more passed through the valley, Carson again serving him as scout. Between 1845 and 1884 a few emigrants from the east enroute to California traveled this way. It is unlikely there was permanent settlement until 1850 when Mormons arrived and a station was established. In the same year Indians razed the place. In 1851 John Reese and a Mormon group from Salt Lake City built on the old site a new trading post of logs and mud, the first house in Nevada, which remained standing until 1910 when it was destroyed by fire. The settlement became known as Mormon station, was so known until 1855 when Probate Judge Hyde, sent from Utah by the church, renamed it Genoa in honor of the birthplace of Columbus. Population grew slowly, farming developed. The valley still depends on farms and cattle ranches for its source of wealth. Nearness to Lake Tahoe adds to its attractiveness. Wealthy easterners have bought ranches here, drawn by Nevada's mild tax laws, along with natural advantages of the region.

• • •

NEW MEXICO

CHLORIDE Sierra county

Chloride takes its name from silver ore found in the vicinity. The town was established as a mining camp in 1881 by Harry Pye. In 1879 Pye was hauling freight for the United States government. He picked up rich float in the canyon where Chloride now stands, had it assayed when he reached his destination, found that the ore was silver and ran several ounces to the ton. When his contracts with the government were completed he made up a small party and returned to the place where he had found the ore. After prospecting they found the mother lode and made the first location, still known as the Pye lode. The camp was started and named Chloride because the ore was a chloride of silver.

• • •

UTAH

TOQUERVILLE Washington county

Name derived from Ute Indian word *toquer,* meaning black, because of the color of the surrounding mountains. Located on Zion park highway. First settled in the fall of 1857 by J. T. Willis, Wesley Willis, Samuel Pollock and Josiah Reeves.

KANARRA Iron county

Located on Zion park highway. Named for a friendly Indian chief, Kanarra, who lived with his Pahute Indian tribe on the nearby stream which bears his name. The old chief was killed near Enoch, Utah, when he was thrown from a horse.

Mines and Mining . .

United States navy has bought 17,250 short ton units of tungsten ore from the Nevada Massachusetts company operating near Mill City, Nevada. Chinese ore would have cost less, but the navy explained that it accepted the Nevada bid under the "Buy American" law, which gives certain advantages to domestic producers. An appropriation of $500,000, most of which the navy will spend for the tungsten, was sponsored by Representative Scrugham of Nevada, says The Business Week, adding that Congressman Scrugham is also a member of the house appropriations committee which passes on all navy appropriations.

• • •

Albuquerque, New Mexico . . .

Possibility of taking tin from New Mexico is being investigated by the federal government in its search for strategic minerals. Engineering parties are studying deposits in Catron county for tin, and in the Nightingale district of Nevada for tungsten.

• • •

Nogales, Arizona . . .

Callahan Lead and Zinc company has leased the Duquesne property in the Patagonia district. After diamond drilling during the past year, the Callahan company will now employ approximately 200 men erecting a mill and operating the mines, it is reported. Lease covers about 70 claims, formerly owned by Bracey Curtis, Nogales banker who died several years ago.

• • •

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Utah's copper miners are working around the clock and smelters are running full blast. Since 1862 the state has been producing copper. The Utah copper company has to its credit nearly 5 billion pounds of the red metal since it started operations in 1904. From the open pit working at the head of Bingham canyon the company has excavated more material than was involved in digging the Panama canal. This ore goes to the Magna and Arthur concentrating plants on the edge of Great Salt lake. In one huge building at the Arthur plant 986 flotation cells are now in steady operation. Concentrates are shipped to the Garfield smelter of the American Smelting and Refining company working at top production — 600 tons of blister copper every day.

• • •

Jerome, Arizona . . .

With payment of final dividend of approximately $1. to holders of 1,050,000 shares outstanding, United Verde Extension mining co. will be dissolved, according to President James S. Douglas, here from his Canadian home to close up the corporation's business. Since 1916 U. V. E. has paid $51,000,000 in dividends. Prior to the big copper strike in 1916 the stock sold around 25 cents. It has sold above $40. Production stopped in 1937 when the ore body was worked out.

• • •

Amboy, California . . .

Salt deposits at Bristol dry lake south of here in the Mojave desert have been bought by the California Rock Salt company of Los Angeles for approximately $50,000, according to deeds filed at San Bernardino. Forty claims involved cover about 5000 acres. Purchasers have operated the property 18 years under lease from the former owners, Consumers Salt company, also of Los Angeles.

Mojave, California . . .

Hardrock men had their day at Mojave's gold rush celebration in October. Teams of two men each assembled a big pneumatic drill, erected it in the proper spot, drilled their hole in a huge boulder, removed the equipment at top speed. Amos Sly and Don Lawson of the Golden Queen mine won the drilling contest. Two Bellville brothers in the mucking contest moved three tons of mud from one end of a truck to the other in 4m. 10s., ten times the speed of a good mucker who normally moves 15 tons of dirt in a working day.

Julian, California . . .

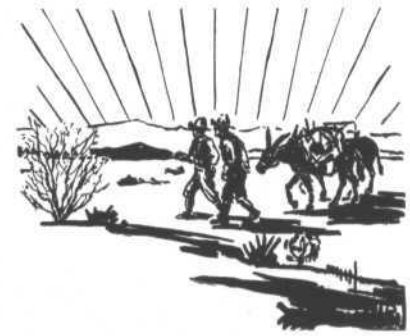
Reports from the old Ranchito mine near Banner, once the property of Cave Coutts of Vista, say that Martin brothers of Hemet have taken as much as $1200 worth of gold a week there. A new shaft has been sunk more than 300 feet and it is said high grade ore was encountered, some of it averaging nearly $200 a ton, free milling. A five-stamp mill has been operated with a small crew. In the early days of the Banner camp the Ranchito was a rich producer.

• • •

Lovelock, Nevada . . .

Near South American canyon, 39 miles east of here, Stockton Fire Brick company has developed a deposit of pinite, said to make a fire brick superior to any now in use. No similar deposit of this material is known, it is reported. The ore resembles soapstone, is soft and white, but the manufactured product is said to be harder than glass.

What a grand Christmas Gift it would be . . .



—if you could send to each of your best friends a generous check, and say to them: "Take this money and for a week or a month leave your petty worries and responsibilities behind. Go out into the winter sunshine and the crisp morning air of the desert and live in God's outdoors.

—Sleep under the stars—explore remote canyons—visit historic old waterholes—loaf around the campfire of a grizzled prospector and share his beans and coffee — prowl among the prehistoric ruins of ancient Indian tribesmen—make it a gypsy trip—go where you please and do what you like but live close to the Desert and you'll gain in physical and spiritual strength by so doing!"

Wouldn't that be a rare gift for any friend?

But you say you cannot afford it!

All right! If you cannot send your friends to the Desert playground, then why not bring the desert to them?

And that is the mission of the Desert Magazine—once each month to bring into every home, in word and picture, the beauty, the peace and the thrill of an exploring trip into that mysterious land that is so fascinating to those who penetrate beyond its austere mask.

What gift would be more acceptable than a beautifully illustrated magazine of the outdoors—a gift that for a few hours each month would take your friend far away from the humdrum of everyday life and into a refreshing atmosphere of a remote desert sanctuary.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

to the Desert Magazine are not expensive—

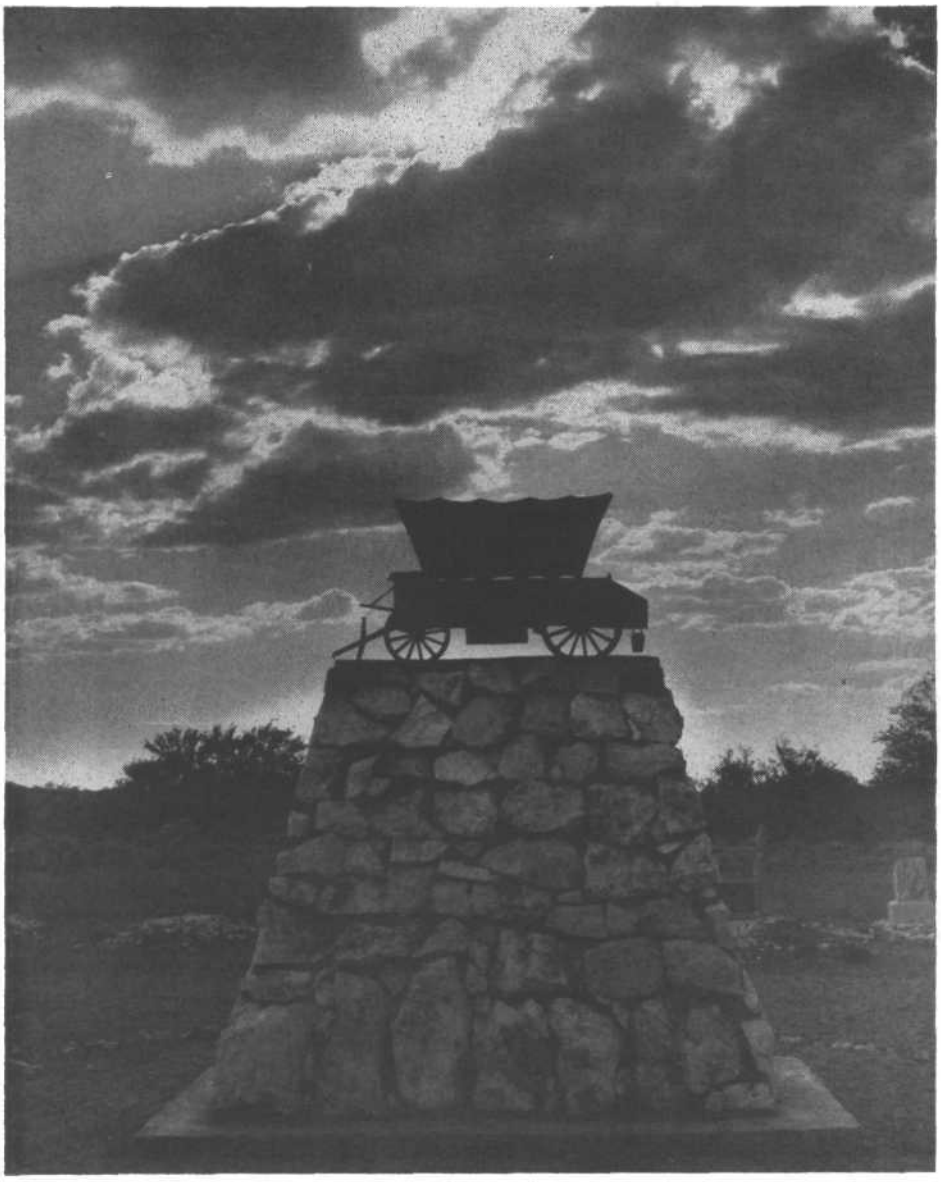
Single subscription $2.50 2 for $4.00 3 for $5.00

If more than 3 send $5 and add $1.25 for each additional name.

THE Desert MAGAZINE
EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA

Send in the names today, and the first copy and a gift card, typical of the Desert, will be mailed just before Christmas.

HARRISBURG Francis V. Moynahan of Phoenix, Arizona, is the winner of the prize offered by the Desert Magazine for the most informative 500-word story about the landmark in the accompanying picture. This monument marks the site of an Indian massacre at Harrisburg, Arizona. Below is the prize-winning story:



By FRANCIS V. MOYNAHAN

THE landmark shown in the October Desert Magazine is a monument in the old Harrisburg cemetery three miles southeast of the present town of Salome, Arizona. Salome is on Highway 60 and is the burial place and was for many years the home of one of America's best loved humorists, Dick Wick Hall.

In 1849 the passengers of a lone covered wagon on their way to the California gold fields, were massacred by a band of Indians at the Harrisburg water hole. Months later another party of gold seekers discovered their bleached bones and buried them on the top of a small hill. This was the first burial in the cemetery.

The cemetery lay neglected for many years and was completely grown over with brush and weeds. In 1936 a goat herder found the graves and reported it to the authorities at Salome. James L. (Jim) Edwards, state highway department maintenance foreman, and his crew on their own time undertook to clear out the brush and build a monument to the pioneers buried there.

The monument is constructed of white quartz from northern Yuma county mines. It stands on a nine-by-six cement base and is six feet high with a four and one-half foot square top. Black mortar is used. On top is a silhouette of a covered wagon made of copper with a silver cover. On the front of the monument is a copper tablet three feet square and cut in the shape of the state of Arizona bearing the following inscription in raised letters: "Harrisburg Cemetery. In remembrance of the pioneers who gave their lives to the development of the West. Arizona Highway Department 1936."

The only recent burial was that of William (Old Bill) Bear, prospector and for many years postmaster at the old town of Harrisburg. He was buried in Yuma in 1920. Before he died he asked to be buried beside his wife, Mary, in the Harrisburg cemetery.

After Edwards and his men had built the monument, some of Bear's friends remembered his last request. Edwards and these old friends exhumed his body and brought it to Harrisburg by truck. They fastened the casket to the back of a burro and led it up the hill to the grave because "Old Bill" would have wanted it that way. With a few friends gathered around, "Old Bill' was lowered to his final rest.

TRUE OR FALSE

Questions to test on page 28

1—False. Owls and rattlers sometimes usurp the prairie dog's burrow, but they do not dwell in peace together.

2—True.

3—False. Arizona's area is 113,956 square miles. New Mexico is 122,634 square miles.

4—False. The Butterfield stage route followed Carrizo creek to Warner's ranch and thence to the coast.

5—False. Mangus Colorado was an Apache chief.

6—True 7—True.

8—False. Old Fortuna mine is in Yuma county.

9—True. 10—True.

11—False. Sangre de Cristo mountains are in New Mexico.

12—False. Mormon battalion was organized while the Mormons were migrating west through Iowa.

13—False. Turkeys are native Americans.

14—True. Humphrey's peak, 12,611 feet.

15—True.

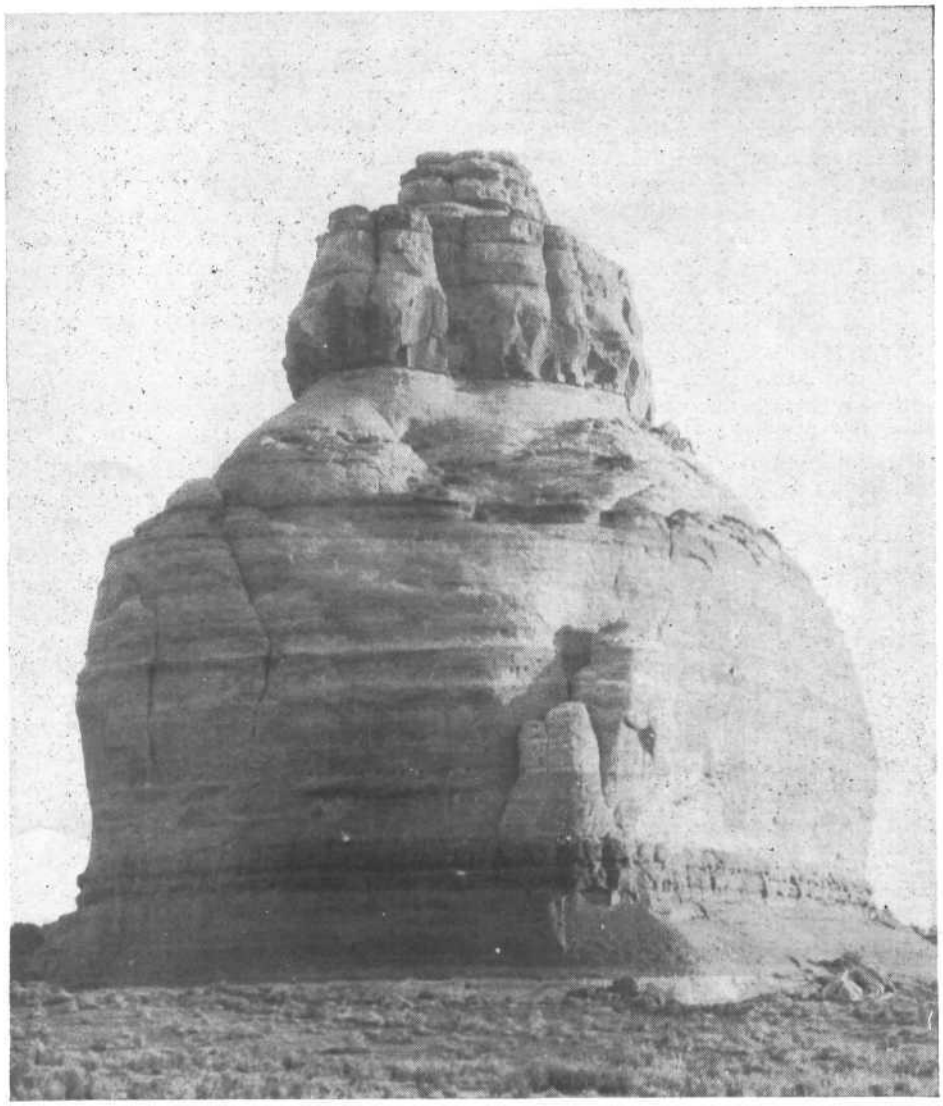
16—False. The bahos are ceremonial wands.

17—True. 18—True.

19—False. The Chuckawalla lives in the rocks.

20—True.

Who can identify this mammoth rock in southeastern Utah?



Prize Announcement

Somewhere in the desert region of Southeastern Utah the rock shown in the picture above is located. It is an outstanding landmark, visible from one of the U. S. highways.

Many of the readers of the Desert Magazine no doubt have seen this rock. Some of them know all about it—the name, the approximate dimensions, the geological formation, and perhaps there are legends connected with it.

In order that all the readers may share this information the Desert Magazine is offering a $5.00 cash prize to the person who identifies the rock and sends in the best 500-word story about it. The entrants in this contest should give the exact location, accessibility by automobile or trail, and all available information. Also, the rock-climbing fraternity will want to know if it has ever been climbed.

Entries in this contest must be in the office of the Desert Magazine by December 20, 1939. The winning story will be published in the February number.

• • •

Special Merit

In addition to the prize winning photographs which appear in this number of the Desert Magazine, the following contestants entered pictures which were rated by the judges as having more than usual merit:

"The Last Run," by Jim Leonard, Los Angeles.

"Deserted," by Norman Isom, Mesa, Arizona.

"Old Arrastre," by O. S. Marshall, Pasadena, California.

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of . . . Death Valley

By LON GARRISON

"I AIN'T prospected much lately," offered Hard Rock Shorty. "Too many accidents an' I just give it up."

He preempted his usual perch on the store porch and continued with his experiences.

"I was out prospectin' high up in the Panamints one time, an' had me a little camp up there. Early one mornin' I wanted to move, an' started out lookin' for my burro. I was walkin' along lookin' for tracks, an' didn't have my gun along, when all of a sudden I run right into a mountain lion. Great big old cuss, about seven foot tall, an' mean too. Usually they won't bother nobody, but this'n started right in after me. Growled, snarled, showed his teeth an' started sneakin' in to jump. I backed up a little canyon there with the lion right after me.

"I kept backin' an' he kept follerin' for close to a mile when all of a sudden I come to the end o' the canyon. One quick look showed me plenty—I was really in a pickle! I was in a little, narrow box canyon, a big bluff at my back, cliffs on each side, an' the lion was closin' in! Here he come—pickin' his feet up careful like an' settin' 'em down easy, growlin' like a set o' dry gears, an' all ready to hop. I sure cussed myself — no gun! It was back at camp by my bed roll. If I'd o' had it—but I didn't, so I had to let the sunofagun get away."

CALIFORNIA CLIMBERS SCALE SHIPROCK PEAK

Making an ascent that generally has been regarded as impossible, four Sierra club members from California reached the summit of Shiprock peak in northwestern New Mexico Oct. 12. Members of the party were Bestor Robinson, David Brower, Raffi Bedayan and John Dyer, all of the San Francisco bay region. The story of their climb is to be published in the January number of Desert Magazine.

SHE WRITES OF THE OLD WEST . . .

Continued from page 5

tempered in the hard school of human suffering.

Miss Hall wrote poetry from the time she could talk. She sang her verses to herself under the trees, on the prairie, and recited them to the birds and the winds. All little girls she supposed could make poetry just as she did; and not until she went to school did she discover that her gift was unique—that, unlike herself, her playmates did not make rhymes or lilt impromptu tunes. As soon as she could write she began putting down her verses on paper. By the time she was eight she had an exercise book filled with spontaneous poems written out in a fair girlish hand.

By 1905, Sharlot Hall had won not only local fame in the southwest, but national and even international recognition. Her poem "The West," written at the request of Lummis to be printed on the first page of his magazine when, in 1901, the name was changed from The Land of Sunshine to Out West, was included in several anthologies. Harry Leon Wilson and Margaret MacArthur quoted from it to adorn their own stories and sketches. In 1903, The Atlantic Monthly published Miss Hall's delicately artistic prose sketch, "A Memory of Old Gentlemen." In England was first printed her "Medusa to Perseus;" and "A Litany for Every Day" was published first in Dublin, reprinted in English papers, and finally, after it had thus gained foreign recognition, was printed in this country.

Perhaps one half of Miss Hall's poems are lyric in form—most of them brief and musical, as all true lyrics should be. They deal with toil, defeat, disillusionment, and death. But though the mood is often one of weariness and depression, they are strong and bracing—almost always fired with the spirit of determination and endurance. One of these, "A Litany for Every Day,"—the best of all, I think, was John Burroughs' favorite:

A Litany for Every Day

Not that there be less to bear,
Not that there be more to share;
But for braver heart for bearing,
But for freer heart for sharing,
Here I pray.

Not for scenes of richer beauty,
Not for paths of lighter duty;
But for clearer eyes for seeing,
Gentler hands, more patient being,
Every day.

Not that joy and peace enfold me,
Not that wealth and pleasure hold me;
But that I may dry a tear,
Speak a word of strength and cheer
On the way.

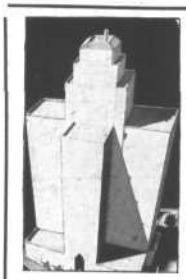
Not that I may sit apart,
Housed from hurt or fling and smart;
But that in the press and throng
I may keep a courage strong
Here I pray.

Not that at set of sun
Measure deeds of greatness done;
But that when my feet shall pass
To my low tent in the grass,
One may say:

"Speed thee well, O friend, who gave
Freely all thy heart did crave;
Love and truth and tenderness,
Faith and trust and kindliness,
In thy day."

Sharlot Hall is our authentic and accepted Arizona poet. It must be apparent to anyone sensitive to the beauty and grandeur of life that here in the southwest desert there is much that is poetic and distinctive. He must realize that nowhere else on earth is to be found such starry splendor in the skies, such glories of sunset and dawn, such stupendous sculpturing of the face of nature, such incredibly painted landscapes. Everyone awake to the higher sensations of life must feel here pressing in upon him with strange fascination the ever-brooding presence of antiquity. He cannot fail to be conscious of that mysterious something which constitutes the essential charm of the desert—deep-born and mystical, intimate, romantic, passionate, awesome.

Nor will anyone endowed with power to read the past and to interpret its deep, sad human music be oblivious of the fact that everywhere here, in mountain and desert, are to be found reminders of prehistoric peoples who bore a tragic part in this epic of the ages—here chiseled boldly on cliff and canyon in the form of ancient habitations of extinct races, there to be deciphered only by patient toil among the relics of buried cities. All this Sharlot Hall saw and felt, and was, perhaps, the first to interpret adequately in permanent literary form.



Going to Phoenix?

Stop at the Westward Ho when you visit Arizona's Valley of the Sun. Enjoy the fascinating atmosphere of an Arizona desert resort *plus* all the advantages of a metropolitan hotel. 350 luxurious rooms; delightful food; American or European plan. Spacious lounges, tropical patio, de luxe sundecks, smart cocktail lounge. All resort sports and diversions. Near Phoenix' finest shopping and theatre districts.

FRANK J. HABERL, Manager

Hotel WESTWARD HO
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Prizes to Amateur Photographers

Each month the Desert Magazine offers two cash prizes for the best camera pictures submitted by amateur photographers. The first award is $5.00 and the second $3.00.

Pictures are limited to desert subjects, but there is no restriction as to the residence of the photographer. Entries may include Indian pictures, rock formations, flowers and wild animals, canyons, trees, water holes—in fact anything that belongs to the desert country.

Following are the rules governing the photographic contest:

1—Pictures submitted in the December contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by December 20.

2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.

3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.

4—Prints must be in black and white, 2¼x3¼ or larger, and must be on glossy paper.

Pictures will be returned only when postage is enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication $1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the December contest will be announced and the pictures published in the February number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

Contest Editor, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.

WHAT BECAME OF EVERETT RUESS? . . .

Continued from page 11

scared to death just watching him perched on the edge of the cliff. It is my idea that someplace while climbing a cliff . . . he may possibly have fallen to his death . . . I have read with interest the accounts in the Desert Magazine."

And so in the dilemma of Everett Ruess conjecture swings from one horn to the other, from the easily conceivable wilderness death that his writings seemed to portend, to the life of wandering and renunciation symbolized in a word.

The recurring supposition of Everett's being alive is not based alone on an artist's moods, and on passages from his works suggestive of self-exile. He was capable of making his own way. Six months before his disappearance he asked that his monthly "stipend" be cut in half, and in his last letter he sent his parents a gift of ten dollars. In the last month he wrote, "I sold a couple of pictures to Charlie Plumb, the Ella Cinders cartoonist, who owns a ranch in a dramatic situation . . . " He may have felt that his parents were of philosophic nature and would understand his need to pursue the unknown.

Reports have come from time to time of young men alone in the desert, any one of whom might have been young Ruess.

In February 1937, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur MacAntire, vacationers in Utah, saw at a mining site near Moab a young man they later believed, on learning of the case, to be Everett. Attracted by the picturesque young man, Mrs. MacAntire approached him, wanting to converse, but was abruptly rebuffed. This, the only unfriendly occurrence of her tour, impressed his features upon her. She identified pictures of Everett later in Los Angeles as being the youth she saw. Unwillingness to talk could be attributed to the California license, and to Everett's preference to remain "undiscovered."

Numerous theories have been propounded. Readers of the Desert Magazine have volunteered information. But the riddle is still unsolved—as unreadable as the wilderness that swallowed him. Perhaps Everett, for whom "the lone trail was the best" gave the only answer three years before his final departure—"In the meanwhile, my burro and I, and my little dog, if I can find one, are going on and on, until, sooner or later, we reach the end of the horizon."

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SIX VARIETIES
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GUEST RANCH

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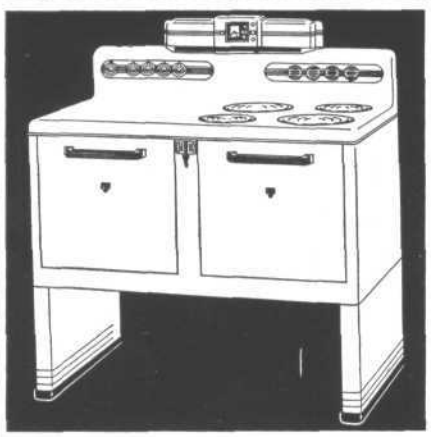
Write for full details and reservations.

J. R. HOLLIDAY, Mgr.
Star Route **Whitewater, California**



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BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

—a monthly review of the best literature of the desert Southwest, past and present.

SOME OF THE NATIVE SHRUBS CAN BE TAMED

Ralph D. Cornell has combined the knowledge of his profession and his love of the outdoors in his CONSPICUOUS CALIFORNIA PLANTS, from the San Pasqual Press, Pasadena, 1938. As one of the state's leading landscape architects, he has given valuable information as to the garden possibilities of many of our native shrubs and trees. Through his informal introductions, an interest in further acquaintance and conservation is stimulated.

From California's remarkable assortment, Mr. Cornell has chosen those plants most outstanding in the state's natural landscapes. About one fourth of the book is devoted to desert flora, and much more space is given to the chaparral vegetation which borders the deserts and occurs in desert "islands" such as the Santa Rosa and San Jacinto mountains.

After reading these intimately-written chapters, one is not likely to speak again of "desert plant life" and "chaparral" in that vague way so common to most of us. Each shrub takes on an individuality of its own—and of all the plants, those of the desert have the most indelible characteristics, due to their extreme adaptation methods.

Illustration and format add much to the enjoyment of the book. The many beautiful photographs were taken by the author, and the sections are divided by the unusual black and white drawings of Elizabeth Lewis. The appendix consists of a complete list of plants discussed, with additional description and garden notes. Bibliography, index. ($4.00)

• • •

ARCHAEOLOGISTS HAVE MUCH WORK YET TO DO

Although archaeologists have been digging around in northern Arizona for the past 50 years, they have scarcely begun their studies of the prehistoric Indian life of this area. This is the conclusion of Harold Sellers Colton in his recent paper PREHISTORIC CULTURE UNITS AND THEIR RELATIONSHIPS IN NORTHERN ARIZONA.

Dr. Colton's paper, Bulletin No. 17 of the Museum of northern Arizona, summarizes the work done to date, and will serve as a basis for more systematic efforts in the future. It is an important contribution to archaeological and ethnological research in the Southwest—written by a man who is unusually well qualified by field and laboratory experience to discuss the subject. ($1.75)

The Museum, of which Dr. Colton is director, issues bulletins and pamphlets on specific phases of the broad field of archaeology at frequent intervals. While many of the publications are highly technical, the lay reader is kept in touch with the work of the institution through its quarterly publication, the PLATEAU which presents in semi-popular form much original material dealing with research in northern Arizona.

• • •

GODS OF THE SKY STILL REIGN IN NEW MEXICO

"It is no accident that in New Mexico plant life is generally grotesque in appearance; that prehistoric man here attained a level of culture elsewhere unequaled within the boundaries of our country; that Indian life persists unchanged here long after it has disappeared in other parts."

Thus does Dr. Ross Calvin establish the theme for his descriptive book SKY DETERMINES, published by the Macmillan company in 1934.

Having undertaken to explain the strange phenomena of plant and animal life in New Mexico, the author concludes that the determining factors are the moisture—or the absence of moisture—and the life-giving sunshine that come from the heavens.

Dr. Calvin's book is for the student of history, anthropology and regional geography. Beautifully written and authoritative, it tells a complete story of New Mexico from its ancient culture through the Spanish rule and Indian warfare to the present. Every phase of its history is interpreted in the light of the ever present influence of sunshine and moisture.

Dr. Calvin knows his New Mexico well—both as a student who has read widely of original source material, and as an explorer who loves to tramp the hills and delve into the mysteries of ancient and contemporary life. His book includes a bibliography and index which make it an excellent reference work for the library. ($2.50)

• • •

COWBOY STORIES FROM THE SOUTHWEST RANGE

There's both humor and philosophy in a little book of cowboy yarns compiled by Joe M. Evans, cowboy-humorist-lecturer of El Paso, Texas.

A CORRAL FULL OF STORIES, is the title, and according to the author, "These stories were gathered from the open range. They are all kinds and every color. Some branded, some unbranded. Ninety percent of them are Mavericks and Strays. If you find any of yours in the herd I'll be glad to cut 'em out and send a cowboy to drive 'em back to your ranch."

Evans is a master story-teller and his tales ring true to the range. The book is bound in art paper. ($1.00)

• • •

SEE CALIFORNIA, AND LAUGH AS YOU GO!

Reg Manning of Phoenix, regarded by many newspaper readers as the No. 1 cartoonist of the Far West, has been spending all his spare time during the past year prowling around the interesting places in California—and the result is a CARTOON GUIDE OF CALIFORNIA, just off the press of J. J. Augustin, New York.

The new guide follows the general pattern of the cartoon guides Manning already has sketched and written for Arizona and the Boulder dam country.

Reg has packed a surprising amount of odd and interesting information in 138 pages—all written in the humorous style that harmonizes so well with the caricatures.

"We're not kidding ourselves," writes the cartoonist, "nobody actually ever uses a guide book to travel by—not in this day and age when the traveler goes too fast to see anything but the car ahead and the mileage signs. In this book we have tried to cover the things he might have seen if he had taken the time. You can read it the night before you get home—and startle the folks with the information you have picked up on your trip through California."

Accompanying the book is a cartoon map—such as only Reg Manning could draw. ($1.00)

CAMPBELLS OF VALLECITOS . . .

Continued from page 27

position as supervising chemist at the Savage tire plant, and embarked upon the hazardous occupation of desert cattle ranching. On the 17th of March 1916, the Campbells settled in their present location and broke ground for their home.

It is not all work on the Campbell ranch. Of late years, out of the rewards of industry, Everett Campbell and his wife have been able to find time for interest in other things. Of course their main "interest" is in their sturdy, five-year-old grandson, Rodney, whom Orva brings often now on visits to the old home ranch so that he can "look over the cattle business" and play cowboy about the big corrals. But, for matters outside the family circle, lodge work has drawn the Campbells to a great extent. Everett Campbell is one of the best known Shriners in San Diego county; and this year Lena Campbell, as worthy matron, presides over the destinies of the Santa Maria chapter of the order of the Eastern Star at Ramona.

It was my privilege to be present and see Lena Campbell installed in that office. As we sat there during that impressive ceremony, I could not help wondering just how many there were in that gathering who realized that the gracious lady who took the gavel of office and made her clear, straightforward speech of acceptance, and her husband, the bronzed, erect man in evening clothes with a white carnation in his buttonhole, were really what they *were?* To me they are something more than good American citizens. They are symbols—living symbols of an American ideal and an American era that has no parallel in all the world.

They are the kind of people who are preserving the American ideals—just as they are protecting that exquisite white ocotillo which grows down the valley below their ranch.

• • •

Weather

OCTOBER REPORT FROM
U. S. BUREAU AT PHOENIX

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	70.8
Normal for October	70.6
High on October 22	95.
Low on October 27	42.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	0.02
Normal for October	0.47
Weather—	
Days clear	28
Days partly cloudy	3

J. M. LANNING, Meteorologist.

•

FROM YUMA BUREAU

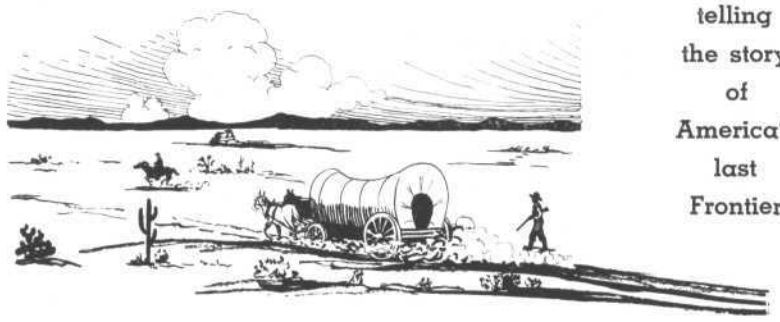
Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	74.2
Normal for October	73.3
High on October 17	96.
Low on October 27	51.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	Trace
70-year average for October	0.26
Weather—	
Days clear	31

Sunshine 98 per cent (345 hours out of possible 352 hours).

Colorado river—October discharge at Grand Canyon 358,000 acre feet. Discharge at Willow Beach just below the dam 660,000 acre feet. Estimated storage October 31 behind Boulder dam 23,470,000 acre feet.

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.

BOOKS OF THE DESERT



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GEMS AND MINERALS

ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor

This department of the Desert Magazine is reserved as a clearing house for gem and mineral collectors and their societies. Members of the "rock-hound" fraternity are invited to send in news of their field trips, exhibits, rare finds, or other information which will be of interest to other collectors.

NORTHWEST FEDERATION HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING

By Mrs. Lloyd L. Roberson

Northwest Federation of Mineralogical societies held its annual convention at New Washington hotel in Seattle, October 14 and 15 with the Gem Collectors' club as host organization.

Several thousand persons viewed the exhibits during the two days the display was open to the general public. Rare geological specimens, material in the rough and polished museum pieces and cabochons were of such a wide variety and beautiful quality that even the most conservative collector was thrilled with the possibilities in the local field. Dr. H. C. Dake of Portland, Oregon, and Walter Sutter of Tacoma, Washington, provided a fluorescent display with automatic change of lights varying the coloring in the same minerals. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Minor of Seattle arranged fluorescent displays giving scenic effects. The Washington Agate and Mineral society comprising the Olympia, Tenino, Hoquiam and Aberdeen clubs, was given the award of the Alley Oop gavel.

Newly elected officers for the federation are: president, Milton F. Reed, Seattle; vice president, Phil Brogan, Bend, Oregon; treasurer, Charles O. Fernquist, Spokane, Wash.; secretary, Mrs. Lloyd L. Roberson, Seattle; honorary vice president, Dr. H. C. Dake, Portland, Oregon. The combined invitation of the Columbian Geological society, the chamber of commerce of Spokane, Washington, and the mayor of that city was accepted to have Spokane as the location of the 1940 convention.

The federation appreciated the efficiency of John W. Greb, president of the Gem Collectors' club, Seattle, and his assistants who arranged for the accommodations and sight seeing trips for the out-of-town guests.

• • •

BOISE CLUB HAS PERMANENT DISPLAY

Idaho Gem club, Inc., has a display of rough, cut and polished materials on exhibit at the state capitol in Boise. During the summer members make field trips into the semi-desert counties of Owyhee, Idaho and Malheur, Oregon, finding specimens of agate, jasper, opal, petrified wood, fossils, quartz crystals, beryls and geodes.

The club meets the second Friday of every month at the city hall in Boise. Officers are J. A. Harrington, president; C. O. Davis, vice-president and D. B. Miller, secretary-treasurer. A board of seven directors including the above officers governs the association.

• • •

Twelve members of Tenino chapter Washington Agate and Mineral society made a three-day trip to the Pridey ranch of Jefferson county, Oregon, a "Happy Hunting Ground" for rock collectors. They also went to Antelope. They found thunder eggs, petrified wood, polkadot agate, jasper, manganese deposits and quartz crystals, also some crystals, perhaps pyroxene.

OLYMPIA MEMBERS HAVE FERTILE FIELDS

Seventy-five members of the Washington Agate and Mineral society of Olympia hold monthly evening meetings in the homes of members, a majority of whom have their own sawing and polishing outfits. They plan a field trip each month when the weather permits. The locations are not distant, usually within a 50-mile radius of Olympia. They find all colors of jasper and agate, many agatized marine fossils and some petrified wood. The one drawback is that nearly all specimens are one or two feet underground on hilltops and, as Mr. Gruhlke, the president says, "The catch, of course, is to know just where to dig, and on what hill."

• • •

San Diego Mineralogical society meets at 7.30 p. m. the second Friday of each month in the assembly room of the Natural History museum, Balboa park. There are also classes in the museum laboratory on Monday evenings in Mineralogy and Field Identification of Minerals, and on Wednesday evenings in Microscopy, Microanalysis and Crystallography.

• • •

Night school courses in spot testing of minerals, and on the general subject of mineralogy are being given in the Kern county high school at Bakersfield, California. The Kern county mineral society, of which Donald Griffith is president, and Glendon Rodgers, secretary, issues a monthly mimeographed publication for its members, called The Pseudomorph.

• • •

A visit to K. B. McMahan desert service station 14 miles east of Yuma, Arizona on highway 80 will richly repay any rockhound who finds himself near enough to make the trip. Mr. McMahan is an expert mineralogist and has thousands of desert specimens which he enjoys showing to anyone interested.

• • •

SNAKES!

Fear not the wolf that howls at night
Nor the owl that weirdly hoots;
But, camping 'neath the desert stars,
Be SURE to shake your boots.

E. L. E.

Misnamed Minerals

"MEXICAN BLACK DIAMONDS"

The name "Mexican Black Diamond" is used here in the Southwest by many dealers to deceive the purchasing public. The same stone is sold in the Pacific northwest as "Alaska Black Diamond." The mineral is in no way related to the real diamond. Chemically it is iron tri-oxide or hematite. It contains iron about 70 percent, together with oxygen 30 percent. It is soft, only five to six hardness, compared with diamond 10. One wholesale agent asserted that it was nine. It is easy to identify the stone, as it scratches easily and the streak is red. An ordinary file produces a fine red powder.

FLUORESCENCE STUDIED BY IMPERIAL CLUB

Fluorescence and phosphorescence under the ultra-violet ray were the subject of the October 24th meeting of the Imperial Valley, California Gem and Mineral society held in the Holtville high school. For many of the 62 members present it was the first introduction to the fascinating colors revealed by the ray. Willemite and Wollastonite proved to be the most interesting specimens. Many rocks gathered on the recent trip to the Santa Rosas were tested and identified.

This was the first meeting held with the new officers presiding— president, Dr. Warren F. Fox; 1st vice president, Mrs. C. B. Collins; 2nd vice president, Will McCampbell; secretary-treasurer, Charles Correll; adviser, A. L. Eaton.

Forty members and friends of the Imperial society trekked to the Santa Rosa mountains in October. The group met at 7:00 a. m. at Coolidge springs, joining some who had camped there the previous night, and all proceeded half a mile over a rocky, sandy road toward the Rainbow rock area. Part of the cars pushed on up the sandy wash but most of them parked and their occupants hiked the last two miles.

Arriving at the mountain of vari-colored rock the group scattered, and each began a search for specimens. In addition to the many beautiful rainbow-colored rocks, the mountains and dry washes yielded specimens of such minerals as calcite, barite, garnets, hematite, chalcedony, selenite, chalcopyrite and travertine.

• • •

Gem collectors tramping over the desert sometimes find interesting phenomena outside their own special field. For instance, Anita Scott, secretary of the Prospector's club at Boulder City, Nevada, reports that following the heavy rains in September some of the desert playas in that area contained a colorful species of crustaceans — little wrigglers with green shells, red gills and long tails.

• • •

Annual convention of the California Gem and Mineral association is to be held in Santa Barbara, April 21-22, 1940. Dr. C. D. Woodhouse, president of the Santa Barbara society, and professor of mineralogy and geology at Santa Barbara teachers college, will preside.

• • •

The Arizona Mineralogical society at Phoenix is making plans for a locality map of the state on which will be indicated by colored push pins the places where unusual minerals are found.

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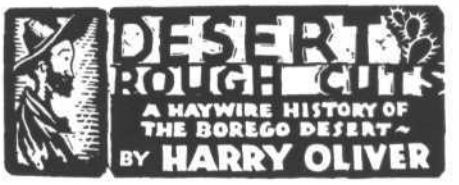

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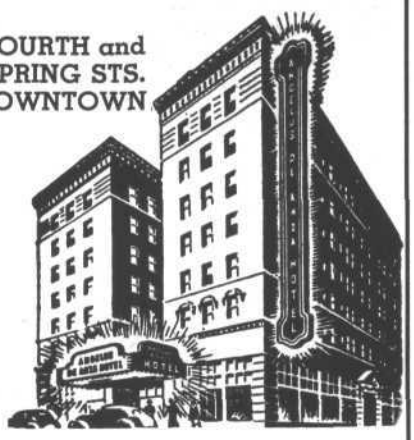

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HOTEL

HERE AND THERE . . . *on the Desert*

ARIZONA

Phoenix . . .

One thousand square miles of mountain area has been set aside by William Sawtelle, state game warden, as a hunting range for exclusive use of hunters equipped with bows and arrows. Deer, bear and turkey are said to be plentiful in the archers' reserve, bounded on the west by the Globe-Pleasant Valley-Holbrook road; on the north by the Mogollon rim road, on the east by the Fort Apache Indian reservation and on the south by the Salt river. Major Harry D. Cranston, Pasadena, California, reported in October he had killed a 600-pound black bear near the Arizona line in southwestern New Mexico with bow and arrow. From nose to tail the bear measured seven feet, four inches.

Tucson . . .

Papago Indians are excavating ruins of an an ancient village southwest of Sells. Dr. Emil W. Haury, head of Arizona U. anthropology department, announces Arnold Withers, graduate student, is in charge of the work. Preliminary digging indicates the settlement was inhabited from 800 A. D. to 1300 A. D. This investigation is part of a long range study of pre-Columbian and modern Papago.

Tucson . . .

A Pennsylvania woman enclosing a 3-cent stamp wrote to the university of Arizona asking for a barrel cactus, "the kind that candy is made from."

Ganado . . .

To a white medicine man who heads the largest American Indian mission fellowship in the American College of Surgeons has been voted. This honor came to Dr. C. G. Salsbury of Ganado at the annual meeting of the College held in Philadelphia. The doctor is director of the Presbyterian mission here, including the Sage memorial hospital.

Phoenix . . .

Inheritance taxes amounting to $11,584.43 were paid to the state by the estate of Morris Goldwater, pioneer Arizona businessman who died in Prescott April 11, 1939, aged 87. He was one of the founders of a mercantile establishment that bears his name today. Value of the estate was estimated at $217,789.32.

Tempe . . .

FOR SALE: the world's largest collection of date palms, containing more than 110 varieties. Established in 1900 by the university of Arizona cooperating with the federal department of agriculture, it is now announced that the Tempe date garden has served its scientific purpose. University regents appointed a committee to find some way to get rid of the garden.

Flagstaff . . .

On his return from Bloemfontein, South Africa, Earl C. Slipher, Lowell observatory astronomer, reported he had observed a new green oasis and a new canal leading to it on the planet Mars last summer when Mars was closest to the earth in 15 years. The new oasis is a dark spot about 50 miles in diameter. He photographed the new canal, about 500 miles long, ending in the oasis. "If they are not vegetation, no suggestion has been made that explains dark areas and canals," the astronomer said.

Window Rock . . .

Slim 17-year-old Mary Louise of Pine Springs is greatest of Navajo weavers. At the annual tribal fair, closed here with a final dance lasting all night, 10,000 tribesmen applauded when Navajo and English radio announcers proclaimed Mary Louise's rug had won first prize. The fair broke attendance records. Supt. E. R. Fryer of the Navajo central agency said it was "undoubtedly the largest Indian crowd ever assembled" in the 16-million-acre reservation. Colorful feature was a Navajo market where "anything Navajo made or grown," was sold.

Nogales . . .

Lee Echols of the U. S. customs service here made a perfect score in silhouette competition at a southwest pistol shoot held in Yuma, said to be first time any pistoleer ever set this record. Silhouette shooting calls for 20 shots, 10 rapid and 10 time fire at 50 yards. A shot in the figure's head counts five points, in legs and body three and four points. Echols is a member of the U. S. treasury department pistol team.

Window Rock . . .

Present drought in the southwest Indian country is "the most severe in 50 years," according to Indian commissioner John Collier. Secretary Ickes of the department of the interior has announced allocation of $25,000 for purchase of food for drought-stricken Navajos in Arizona and New Mexico. Collier says crop losses in some instances are 100 per cent, lives of hundreds of families are at stake. For relief through the winter $750,000 will be needed, he declared.

• • •

CALIFORNIA

Palm Springs . . .

Fall rains have brought out verbena in profusion over the desert floor, ocotillos have put on luxuriant growth of new green leaves and the winter flower show in this region is attracting hosts of admirers.

El Dorado . . .

For five years Ambrose K. Folger, sun parched prospector, 71, trailed his missing burro Jenny before Jenny decided to return to his camp. Folger told the story here. Jenny, he says, disappeared in 1934, on the edge of the desert between Clark lake and Seventeen Palms, about 100 miles northeast of San Diego. According to the report he asserts he made at the time to the sheriff of San Diego county, Folger was aroused at night by thundering hoofs, in the flickering light of his dying campfire saw Jenny galloping away with a band of camels headed by a giant snow-white leader. These camels the prospector still believes were descendants of the animals imported by the United States government when Jefferson Davis was secretary of war, to be used in army transport on the southwestern deserts. Soon after Jenny joined the camels, Folger relates, he came across her trail. He couldn't mistake it. She had a deformed right hoof. "I followed her all over California and a part of Arizona," the prospector adds, "but I was always a little too late to catch up with her. One night last week I woke from a sound sleep and got up. There was Jenny waiting for her breakfast." There were no camels hanging around on Jenny's homecoming.

Calexico . . .

Seeding from an airplane large acreages of land for pasture is the method tested by Warren Brockman, commercial aviator whose activities have been heretofore limited to dusting crops from the air with insecticides. Brockman reports best result with airplane seeding is obtained by flying about 50 feet above the ground, using 15 or 20 pounds of seed to the acre. He believes vast stretches of grazing land will be seeded in this manner as a result of his pioneering experiment. He has tried the method on the Cortaro farms, 30 miles west of Tucson, Arizona.

• • •

NEVADA

Boulder City . . .

Largest craft yet launched on Lake Mead has been added to the fleet there. After a journey from the California coast the 47-foot cabin cruiser owned by R. T. Schroeder of Beverly Hills now floats in the reservoir above Boulder dam. Schroeder said: "I was tired of cruising in heavy seas and rough water. So I decided to bring the cruiser here and enjoy the wonderful climate." Six boats were launched in the lake in one week.

Reno . . .

Graham, Leigh and George Sanford, owners of the Reno Evening Gazette for the past 25 years, have sold the paper to Merritt C. Speidel of Palo Alto, California, and associates. Speidel is president of Speidel Newspapers, Inc., and the Gazette becomes one of the most important members of the organization. Graham Dean of Salinas, California, is new publisher of the paper.

Tonopah . . .

J. S. Allan, safety supervisor of the Nevada-California Electric corporation, has been notified by the national safety council that the company has won first place in the United States among 47 public utility companies operating large fleets of trucks, for having the smallest number of accidents per 100,000 miles driven. Nev-Cal operated its trucks 1,188,000 miles during the year ended June 30, 1939, with only eight accidents. In 1935 Nev-Cal also was awarded top safety rank in this group.

• • •

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque . . .

Texas, New Mexico and Arizona commissions meeting here weighed tri-state plans for the Coronado Cuarto Centennial celebration in 1940. International feature is proposal to recreate Coronado's march and to construct a monument and museum on the Mexican-Arizona boundary at the point of Coronado's entry. It is suggested that the Coronado expedition's route be retraced from Campostella in old Mexico, to the boundary for monument dedication, on to Hawikuh, Zuni and Acoma, east to Palo Duro canyon near Amarillo. Texans say pageant from June 12 to 15 will be staged at Amarillo. Arizona has plans for three events: participation in ceremonies at the border on Coronado's entry, discovery of the Grand Canyon by Cardenas with a pageant on the canyon rim and the expedition of Alcaron to Yuma.

Santa Fe . . .

Surrounded by members of his family and many friends, Miguel A. Otero, sr., former New Mexico territorial governor, celebrated his 80th birthday on October 17. Under appointment from McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt he occupied the governor's mansion from 1897 to 1906. In later years he has turned to writing, his book, "My Life on the Frontier" winning national recognition. He is now working on a new book, says he feels in perfect health, looks forward to many more birthdays.

Albuquerque . . .

All of the 37,000 or more cattle brands in New Mexico will be re-registered, to comply with an order issued by the New Mexico Cattle Sanitary board. Sam McCue, board secretary, says 1500 to 2000 brands may be eliminated, because many of them are no longer in use, others have been transferred by original owners without notifying the board, some have been abandoned by cowmen who died or went out of business. A new brand book will be issued as soon as the re-recording has been completed. First brand book was opened in 1902, first brand recorded in it was the Bar-V of the Cass Land and Cattle company which operated below Fort Sumner on the Pecos river.

Santa Fe . . .

When attorney Albert Clancy exhibited here a golden eagle in a cage he said he had caught the bird with his lariat, lassoed the eagle while it sat on a fence post looking the other way. After the SPCA displayed interest, it was arranged to place the eagle in the Albuquerque city zoo.

Mountainair . . .

Development of winter sports area in Red canyon of the Manzano mountains is announced by O. Fred Arthur, Cibola national forest supervisor. Work on the project by enrollees of a soil conservation service CCC camp near Manzano will be rushed.

Albuquerque . . .

Good prices stimulated cattle shipments out of New Mexico as 1939 neared its end. Predictions are made that the year's total will exceed 1938's record of 728,068.

• • •

UTAH

Salt Lake City . . .

Restoration of the old pony express route in Utah and Nevada has been authorized by Secretary Ickes of the interior department. Utah pioneer trails and landmarks association and CCC enrollees will cooperate in the preservation of historic points made famous by mail carriers of pioneer days, between Simpson springs, Utah and the Utah-Nevada border.

Vernal . . .

"Keep the Colorado river rats' organization together until I come back from the South Pole." This is the message sent to Vernal by Dr.Russell G. Frazier, chief medical director and surgeon for the Byrd Antarctic expedition. Dr. Frazier is the first Utahn to be included in the Byrd party. As a river runner he has negotiated virtually all of America's bad white water, making many trips down the Green, Colorado and Yampa.

Salt Lake City . . .

Sylvester Q. Cannon, six feet four inches tall, 62 years old, has taken up his duties as a member of the council of 12 apostles of the Latter-Day Saints church. He succeeds the late Melvin J. Ballard. Cannon is an engineer, won his degree at Massachusetts Tech in 1899. He has served as a missionary for the church in foreign fields, was city engineer of Salt Lake City for 13 years.

New Kind of Winter Vacation!

EXPERT FISHERMEN acknowledge that the waters near Playa de Cortes offer some of the finest deep sea fishing in the world.

At Guaymas, Old Mexico, on the Gulf of Lower California, Southern Pacific's charming *Hotel Playa de Cortes* offers the lazy, contented life of a restful winter resort PLUS the fun of living beside the sea.

WINTER CLIMATE is ideal: warm, sunny days...balmy, star-filled nights. You'll enjoy delicious American or Mexican food, have an altogether NEW KIND of winter vacation.

Through connecting Pullman service three times weekly via our West Coast of Mexico Route brings this picturesque resort practically next door to Los Angeles.

Southern Pacific's

Hotel Playa de Cortés

By RANDALL HENDERSON

THE Great Spirit has been kind to the Southern California desert this season. The heavy rainfall in September changed the usual browns and greys of the autumn landscape to a riot of green and pink and yellow and lavender. I have never seen in the fall so gorgeous a display of desert flowers as at the time this is written, early in November.

In the Coachella valley between Palm Springs and Indio the verbenas are out in all their usual springtime beauty. Ocotillo is blossoming in the Borrego valley—there are flowers everywhere.

Desert folk are hoping the freezing weather will hold off until the seed have had time to mature. The white man's calendar doesn't mean a thing to plants and shrubs that grow in the arid region. When the rains come they burst into leaf and flower, and store up water for the inevitable drought. This year we have had two flowering seasons within eight months. Without moisture, plants on the desert remain dormant for two or three years, or longer. They have adapted themselves to their environment. Perhaps we humans would be a happier lot if we made greater effort to do likewise—and spent less of our energy trying to adjust our environment to our own petty whims.

* * *

This is the perfect time of year for camping trips on the desert—and many outdoor enthusiasts are taking advantage of it. If you really want to get acquainted with folks, go camping with them. Primitive living brings out the best in some people, and the worst in others.

Some campers spend hours preparing elaborate meals with soup and salad and all the frills of a Thanksgiving dinner—and then more hours washing pots and pans and dishes. And that is all right if they like to do it. I happen to be one of those indolent campers who would rather eat crackers and cheese than fuss around with a camp stove and a lot of dirty dishes.

I've rather prided myself on the simplicity of my camp chores—but recently I learned some new wrinkles from a couple of city friends. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gabbert of Riverside, California, are the world's champions when it comes to preparing a camp dinner. Here's their system. They carry nothing but a skillet and a coffee pot and some paper utensils. For dinner in the evening they scoop a little hole in the sand and build a fire big enough for the coffee pot and a couple of cans. A few sticks of dead greasewood will make all the fire they need. They open the lids on the cans—perhaps one a vegetable and the other a meat, and set them in the fire along with the coffee pot. When the food is ready it is served on paper plates, with paper cups. After the meal they burn the paper dishes, bury the cans with the fire, rinse the inside of the coffee pot and put it in a paper bag. This takes 30 minutes and they have an extra hour or two to explore the nearest canyon.

Now that's my idea of camping—but I am not going to argue with you about it because you probably have a formula that suits you better—and after all, the glory of a camping trip on the desert is in the opportunity to get away from that pestiferous tribe of humans who are everlastingly trying to get you to do as they do and think as they think.

* * *

This month the readers of the Desert Magazine will bid adios to Everett Ruess—for the present at least. We have been printing his letters and diary notes throughout the past year, and have come to the end of the material available for our use.

I would like to feel that some time we will have Everett as a living contributor to these pages. Reading and rereading his notes month after month I have come to regard him as an intimate and delightful friend—and I know many other readers of the Desert Magazine feel the same way. More than any other writer, he had the rare art of presenting the little day-by-day incidents of his vagabond journeys in the desert wilderness in clear simple English that enabled the rest of us to share the thrill of each new adventure.

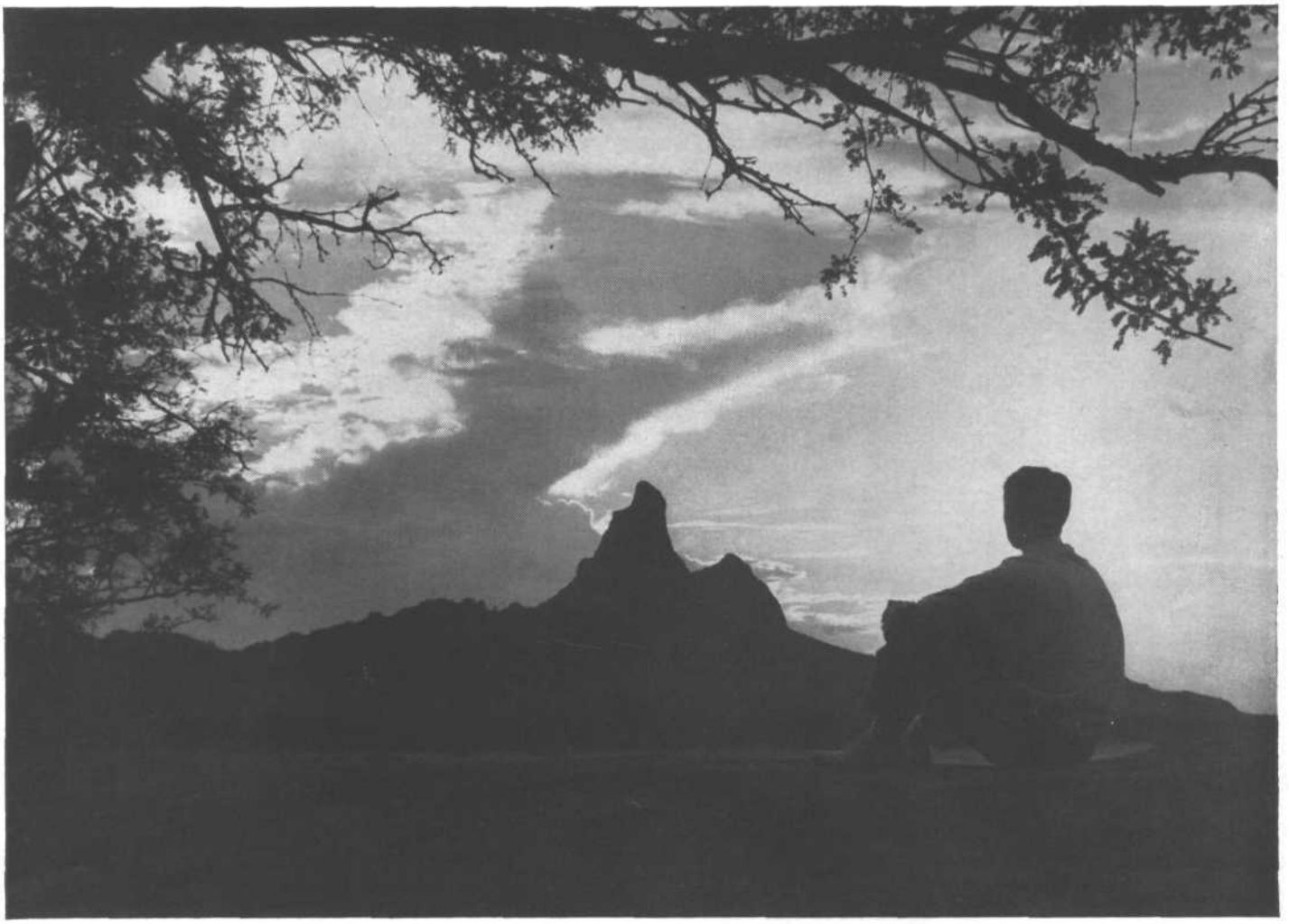
Everett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher G. Ruess of Los Angeles, and the publishers of the Desert Magazine are working on plans for the publication of his letters and notes together with some of his art work, in permanent book form.

* * *

I want to give credit to Stephen H. Willard, artist-photographer of Palm Springs, for the beautiful desert flower picture which was used in connection with the "Two Deserts" editorial in the November number of the Desert Magazine. Since some of the desert's most exquisite photography comes from the Willard studio, I owe him an apology for the omission of his name in connection with the picture.

* * *

Recently I have been rereading Clyde Eddy's story of his trip down the Colorado in 1927. Instead of hiring experienced rivermen for the adventure, he recruited a group of college boys to man the three boats used in the expedition. He passed up the college fullbacks and picked his crew for character and courage rather than for brawn—on the theory that a stout heart is a more important asset in facing the hazards of such an exploit than physical prowess. The success of his journey down through the roaring rapids of the Grand Canyon confirmed his judgment. We all admire physical courage—but when the critical test comes it is the courage of the spirit that most often triumphs.



(*This picture, taken by Ivan B. Mardis, was awarded second place in the Desert Magazine's photographic contest in October*)

DIMPLED DESERT

By Estelle Thomson
Los Angeles, California

Our desert has
A million wildflowers, dancing in,
With every cloudburst's spilly spin
A million wildflowers, dancing in,
Make millions more and millions more
Of dimples in our desert's chin.

• • •

LESSON

By Alice Wright Peele
Simi, California

I had not known how infinite was space,
How grand the silence on the desert place,
What peace there was in sleeping under stars,
Until I knew the ruthless noise of cars,
Of crowded houses, concrete walks, and rush
Of people, heedless of the evening hush,
Who search forever for a phantom fame
And win but grim defeat in life's long game.

• • •

DESERT NIGHT IS CALLING

By Dove Cothran Cooper
Seattle, Washington

The desert night is calling,
Calling so soft and low,
After the beautiful sunset
Has left over all its glow.

The glow of a desert sunset,
Unequaled in beauty supreme,
Falling softly o'er the valley,
Making the world serene.

Yes—the desert night is calling,
And I long to answer the call,
Down the beautiful trails of romance
Which so clearly, I recall.

Master Artist

By Ivan B. Mardis
Tucson, Arizona

As I watch him paint those desert crags
With purple, gold and jade—
My weary troubled soul is healed—
I'm reassured — I'm unafraid!

Soothed in body, mind and soul,
My contentment is complete—
As I watch the master artist
From my shrine beneath mesquite.

CREED OF THE DESERT

By June Le Mert Paxton

The vagrant wind spreads out the sand
To look like waves upon the land.
And then a flock of birds compete
In making patterns, with their feet.

APOLOGIES TO TUMBLE-WEEDS

By Ruth Bransford Wilson
Sherman, Texas

So much has been said to underrate
The rolling tumble-weed;
But now it fares a nobler state,
Which necessity decreed.

A mother living on the plains
Where trees refuse to grow,
With clever hands and infinite pains,
Bound three tumble-weeds just so.

It was a lovely thing to see
When sprayed with silver paint,
Now kiddies have a Christmas tree,
Fit for any saint.

• • •

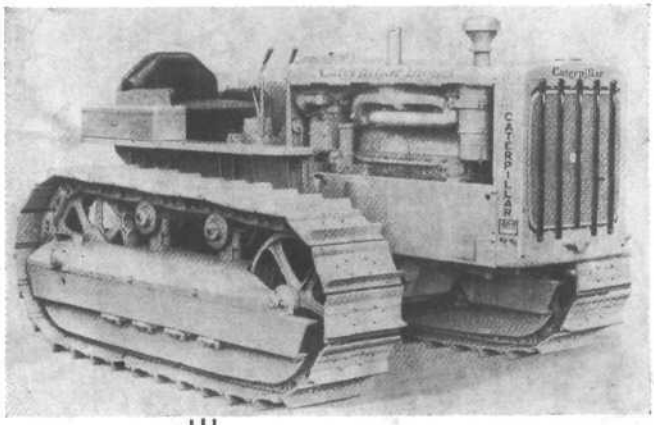
OH PIONEERS!

By Paul P. Wilhelm
1000 Palms, California

I'm born a misfit in this restless age—
Gas engines, 'lectric—all those city ways—
I've tried it! Yes, I'm outcast! Smell of sage
Brought me into this land. Now—joyous days and nights!—I stride the hills, bright stars my lamps
Lighting gaunt ridge trails, wrinkled, lean, hungry.
I've found my place!—Took root on site of camps
Where dwelt oases tribes. It's home to me!
I'm planted here. Clear desert sun and air
Make my top branches strive toward bluer sky!
But oft' I'm sore perplexed in dread despair:
Must peace forsaken be and homesteads die?
Have pioneers all vanished from this life?
To be a happy man—I need a wife!

THE TEST OF A SUCCESSFUL FARMER!

When he buys new equipment he considers



THESE FACTORS:

1- **Is the machine made by a concern whose products have stood the test of long and hard usage in the field?**

2- **Is it a machine that is popular with my neighbors?**

3- **Is the dealer who is handling this machine prepared to give adequate service and prompt replacement in an emergency?**

4- **Is he a dealer with integrity and facilities to make good a guarantee?**

ANY SALESMAN will claim these advantages for his tractor—but the successful farmer doesn't rely entirely on sales talk. He takes the time to find the answers for himself. He talks with his neighbors about their tractor equipment. He investigates the reputation of the dealer — and he goes to the salesroom and into the parts department and repair shops to see for himself just what is there.

BEN HULSE

Ben Hulse invites you

to inspect his plant and shops. He urges you to talk with men who are operating "CATERPILLARS." He wants you to ask them not only what they think of "CATERPILLAR" but what they think of the service Ben Hulse gives them, and the facilities he has for taking care of their needs in an emergency.

THESE ARE THE TESTS APPLIED BY THE SUCCESSFUL FARMER AND THAT IS THE ONE REASON HE IS A SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

BEN HULSE TRACTOR AND EQUIPMENT CO.

SALES AND SERVICE STORES IN EL CENTRO, BRAWLEY, YUMA